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# MORAL CONTRASTS:

OR,

## THE POWER OF RELIGION

EXEMPLIFIED UNDER

## DIFFERENT CHARACTERS.

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*BY WILLIAM GILPIN,*

PREBENDARY OF SALISBURY, AND VICAR OF BOLDRE, IN NEW FOREST.

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# *PREFACE.*

SOME time ago I drew up a little contraſt between a virtuous and a vicious character adapted to the lower people; and intended at firſt merely for the uſe of my own pariſh. It was afterwards printed for ſale, at the deſire of my bookſeller;* and as it was better received than I imagined ſuch a trifle could have been, I was induced to complete the plan by ano-

* Under the title of John Trueman and Richard Atkins, printed for R. Blamire, and now ſold by Meſſrs. Cadell and Davies.

ther

ther little work of the ſame kind, adapted to the higher ranks of people; to whom I now offer it.

To the two firſt characters, which are both *fictitious*, I have added two others, with a view to *improve the contraſt*, and to throw a ſtill ſtronger light on the power of religion. Theſe two latter characters are taken from *real life*.

The former of them is extracted chiefly from a book entitled "Some "paſſages of the life, and death of "John, Earl of Rocheſter, written by "his own direction, on his death-bed, "by Gilbert Burnet, biſhop of Saliſ-"bury."

"bury."——The *whole* of the biſhop's treatiſe, which records many things *not mentioned here*, is well worth the attentive peruſal of every one, who would ſee in a ſtrong light the aſcendancy of religion over wickedneſs.—With the biſhop's narrative is commonly printed a ſermon preached at Lord Rocheſter's funeral, which contains many other remarkable particulars. I have extracted ſome of the moſt intereſting from both.

The laſt of theſe little memoirs is the hiſtory of a *child of Nature*—a young African prince, of the name of Naimbanna, who was ſent into England

England by the Sierra Leone company, to be inſtructed in the chriſtian religion. The materials of this memoir conſiſt partly of extracts from the reports of that company—and partly of particulars received from thoſe, who kindly took on them the inſtruction of this young African.

An apology is perhaps due for thus mixing *fiction* and *reality* in the ſame work. But in *real* characters we cannot always procure the ſeveral circumſtances, and poſitions in life we wiſh to exhibit. And as to the impropriety of mixing them, in fact, I am inclined

clined to conſider them all of the ſame ſpecies. The two firſt of theſe memoirs do not mean to recommend themſelves under the idea of *fiction*; but as *pictures drawn from the life*. If indeed they had been embelliſhed with romantic, or unnatural circumſtances, they could not certainly have united with real life. In that caſe,

———Nec pes, nec caput uni
Reddatur formæ.———

But I ſuppoſe there is not a ſingle incident in theſe fictions which hath not been exemplified at different times in a thouſand inſtances in real life; tho perhaps they never all met

toge-

together in any two perſons. They differ therefore, I conceive, from real life no otherwiſe, than as a landſcape compoſed from ſelected parts of various countries differs from the portrait of ſome real ſcene. Both are equally copies from nature.—Nay perhaps the *fictitious* character is the more natural one. The deep repentance of Lord Rocheſter, and the ingenuous mind of Naimbanna, which theſe pages preſent, are circumſtances full as much, I fear, out of the common road of nature, as any, which occur in the two former of theſe memoirs.

MEMOIRS

# MEMOIRS

OF

# MR. WILLOUGHBY

AND

# SIR JAMES LEIGH.

## *ERRATA.*

PAGE

For *had turning* read *and turning* - - - - - 37

For *a room*, read *the room;* and for *thoſe perſons* read *theſe perſons* - - - - - - - - - 51

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MR. WILLOUGHBY was the ſon of a very worthy father, and of an excellent mother; both of whom took great pains in impreſſing his mind with an early ſenſe of religion. As he grew up, his father reſolved to educate him in a manner very different from the faſhionable mode of educating youth. He was afraid of a public ſchool. He was afraid alſo of a univerſity either at home, or abroad: and ſtill more he

was afraid of foreign travel; which, in his opinion, afforded little advantage to an Engliſh gentleman.

He placed his ſon therefore at an early age under the care of a neighbouring clergyman who had no other charge; and of whoſe piety and learning he was well aſſured. With this worthy gentleman, young Mr. Willoughby paſſed ſeveral years with great advantage; making at different times, as his education advanced, excurſions for amuſement, into different parts of the kingdom, ſometimes with his father, and ſometimes with his tutor.

Mr.

Mr. Willoughby in the mean time, was often taxed with bringing up his ſon in ſo recluſe a manner. His reply was; he did not think our public ſchools, and univerſities, made religion ſo much the grand point of education, as he could wiſh. They made human learning he thought, take the lead too much. Beſides, the diſſipation of youth in this licentious age made him dread a connection with them. In ſoberer times he ſhould have been leſs afraid. "I chuſe ra-
"ther, ſaid he, to purſue my own
"method. My firſt buſineſs is to
"make my ſon a good chriſtian,

" which is the foundation of every " thing that is uſeful, and beneficial. " I ſhall then endeavour to qualify " him for that ſtation, in which Pro- " vidence hath placed him."

Accordingly, when he was about the age of eighteen, the old gentleman brought him home; and carrying him one day into his ſtudy, he ſeated him near his own elbow-chair; and taking him by the hand, " My dear Frank, " ſaid he, I am now growing into years, " and wiſh to diſincumber myſelf from " the management of my affairs. You " are now of an age to aſſiſt me: and " there is no aſſiſtance, which a fa-

" ther

" ther can have, ſo deſirable as that
" of a well diſpoſed ſon. Their inte-
" reſts are the ſame. Beſides, added
" he, as you are to be bred to your fa-
" ther's profeſſion—that of a country
" gentleman—while you ſerve me,
" you will alſo be learning, if I may
" ſo ſpeak, your own trade."

Nothing could be more agreeable to young Mr. Willoughby, than the idea of being of uſe to his father. He only feared his own inability. With the aſſiſtance however of an old ſteward, he hoped every thing would go on well. With him therefore at his elbow, he ſettled accounts—re-

newed leaſes—and eaſed his father of all trouble, except that of now and then ſigning his name. And yet he had ſufficient time for his books, and the indulgence of his taſte in the polite arts, of which he was extremely fond, and in which his father greatly encouraged him as a rational amuſement.

One thing, in which his father employed him, was to pay regularly all his little penſions to poor widows, ſuperannuated labourers, and old ſervants, of whom he had ſeveral on his liſt.

Among his own labourers, and

thoſe of his tenants, it was his cuſtom alſo, when the parents were deſerving people, to allow four guineas a year for every child above three. But when the eldeſt went out, the fourth was conſidered as a third. In paying all theſe little penſions, which were ſcattered about the country, Mr. Willoughby found no inconvenience, as he made them conſiſtent with his uſual exerciſe on horſeback. It was an employment too, in which he found much pleaſure, as he was every where joyfully received on ſo kind an errand; and found his own happineſs more and more increaſed, the more

he

he became the inſtrument of happineſs to others.

In the mean time his father carried him always with him to the ſeſſions—the aſſizes—and county-meetings, to initiate him by degrees into the knowledge of ſuch affairs, as might afterwards engage him. Thus by training him up in the buſineſs of a country gentleman, and the various offices of a uſeful life, he thought he had done more for him, than if he had ſent him to the beſt univerſity in Europe. When they came home from any public meeting, the old gentleman always aſſiſted his ſon in making obſervations

ſervations on men, and things. If he had obſerved any gentleman, who had behaved with propriety, and was liſtened to with attention—or any, who had been loud, overbearing, and treated with neglect, he would remark to his ſon the propriety, or the impropriety of every thing he had ſeen.

While Mr. Willoughby was thus training up an affectionate ſon in the uſeful offices of life; and was about to give him more conſequence by ſettling an independence upon him, he was ſuddenly carried off by a fit

of

of apoplexy, before his ſon had yet attained his twenty-ſecond year.

In the neighbourhood of Mr. Willoughby lived Sir Thomas Leigh, whoſe eldeſt ſon was nearly about the age of Mr. Willoughby. Sir Thomas was one of thoſe prudent parents, who blamed exceedingly the recluſe manner, in which his neighbour Mr. Willoughby brought up his ſon; and gave a very different education to his own. He thought a knowledge of the world at large was indiſpenſably neceſſary to a gentleman of fortune. To ſee the tricks, and obliquity of man-

mankind with his own eyes, was the only way, he ſaid, by which a young man could be taught to guard againſt them. Sir Thomas was what the world called a decent man. He was ſeldom guilty of any open breach of duty; but he had no great ſolicitude about religion; and thought accompliſhments ſtood higher in the ſcale of life, than chriſtian virtues. Under the impreſſion of theſe ideas he ſent his ſon to a public ſchool, with plenty of money in his pocket to teach him the early uſe of it. And by the time the young man had gained a very faſhionable knowledge in the art of

ſpending

ſpending it, in which few made a greater proficiency, he was ſent to the univerſity, where he found himſelf in a more enlarged field for diſplaying his abilities. Here he ſoon became ſo well verſed in every polite mode of expence, that his father's pocket, tho it had never been a cloſe one to him, began ſeriouſly to complain. Sir Thomas apprehending therefore, what indeed he might have apprehended without much ſagacity, that Jemmy had gotten into bad company, reſolved prudently to break his connections, before it was too late. He hurried him away therefore immediately

mediately with a genteel young man, who attended him as a ſort of ſomething between a tutor and companion, to a foreign univerſity.

It ſoon however appeared, that bad company may be found abroad, as well as at home, and that young Mr. Leigh had always the addreſs to get acquainted with the worſt.

But the moſt conſummate effort of his genius, was, to corrupt his tutor; which was a matter of great importance to him: for while he himſelf was inceſſant in drawing bills, his truſty friend was equally aſſiduous in forming plauſible excuſes. Sometimes finding

finding gentle fault—ſometimes palliating—and ſometimes hinting at the young gentleman's better reſolutions, he managed with ſuch dexterity, that he kept himſelf free from all ſuſpicion; and by that means was effectually enabled to aſſiſt his young friend in completely duping his father.

Sir Thomas however had now found by his banker's accounts, that he had gotten wrong a ſecond time in his ideas of education. He called to mind therefore the old proverb, of *a rolling ſtone which gathers no moſs*, and determined, that Jemmy ſhould never reſide long at any one place; but

ſhould

ſhould travel from country to country; and ſo get an enlarged inſight into the manners of men.

With this view he diſpatched a truſty old Swiſs ſervant to accompany him in his travels, with his pocket-book ſtuffed with recommendatory letters to all the Engliſh miniſters at the ſeveral courts of Europe.

In conſequence of theſe orders the two friends, who were then at Rouen, ſet out immediately for Paris. From thence they hurried away to Lyons. Turin received them next. There croſſing the Alps, they found themſelves in Italy, which they traverſed

from

from the Po to the bay of Naples. During all theſe journeys, they inveſtigated the manners of different countries in hotels—brothels—gaming-houſes, and theatres.—At Naples their career was ſtopped. Mr. Leigh there received an account of his father's death; which was a joyful note to him, not only as he ſucceeded to his title and eſtate; but as nobody now could call him to account.

Thus theſe two young gentlemen, Mr. Willoughby, and Sir James Leigh inherited their paternal eſtates nearly at the ſame time. Mr. Willoughby

loughby could ſpend an income, clear of all incumbrances, of five thouſand a year. Sir James Leigh's eſtate, independent of his mother's ſettlement, brought him in more than double that ſum. The two young gentlemen had been acquainted from their infancy; and now lived within half a dozen miles of each other; but being men of very different diſpoſitions and purſuits, their intimacy, which had never been great, dwindled into a few ceremonious viſits.

Their different diſpoſitions began ſoon to appear. Mr. Willoughby

following the ſteps of a judicious father, was in no haſte to make any alteration in his houſe, grounds, or manner of living. What ſchemes of improvement he had, he prudently conſidered, before he put them in execution. He thought it prudent alſo to lay by a little money for theſe purpoſes, leſt they might involve him in difficulties, from which he could not eaſily free himſelf.

In the mean time, none of his father's penſions, or charities, which were very conſiderable, were diſcontinued. But he paid nothing with ſo much pleaſure as a hundred a year, which

which his father had ſettled for life upon his old tutor. He would gladly have doubled it; but the old gentleman would not ſuffer him. "Be content, ſaid he, my dear Franky, (which was his common mode of accoſting him) "be content with what your "father has done. He was a very "generous man; and if you go be-"yond *him*, I fear you will exceed."

While Mr. Willoughby acted this prudent part, his neighbour, Sir James, ſet off in full career. He had ſcarce taken poſſeſſion of his eſtate, when he had half the workmen of the

country about him on different projects. But his favorite ſcheme was a ſuperb pile of ſtabling, which he built at a vaſt expence; and then furniſhed it with a great variety of the beſt horſes, for the road—the field—the race—and the carriage. By the time his ſtables were completely filled, he had not only conſumed all the ready money his father had left him, which was no inconſiderable ſum; but was obliged to make up deficiencies by borrowing ſeven thouſand pounds. The yearly expence of this vaſt eſtabliſhment of grooms, and horſes, to which he added a kennel

nel of hounds, was not ſo little as eighteen hundred pounds.

In the mean time, as he deteſted all thoughts of marriage, he ſeduced from her friends, a beautiful young woman, the ſiſter of a lieutenant of a man of war, whoſe dependent ſtate as a miſtreſs would free him, he hoped, from all the inconveniences, which he dreaded in a wife. But he had made a few ſmall miſtakes, as moſt people do, who amuſe themſelves with theſe licentious calculations. In fact, he knew nothing of her, beyond her perſonal charms; nor had made any obſervations on her manners

and behaviour. Under a meek and modeſt demeanor ſhe concealed a very violent temper; and under an apparent ſimplicity of manners, which indicated a ductile ſpirit, ſhe poſſeſſed a very obſtinate and refractory one. Her inſolence ſoon began to appear; and was ſuch, that he was daily more or leſs diſconcerted by it. From the firſt, it was her object to make herſelf the entire miſtreſs of his family: and from leſs proceeding to more, ſhe ordered coaches, and horſes, when ſhe pleaſed—ſhe directed his motions to different places—ſhe turned away his ſervants

—and,

—and even ſometimes affronted his company. She had the art however, when ſhe ſaw ſhe had carried matters too far, to throw in a little ſoothing ſubmiſſion: and as he was faſcinated with her charms, his wrath, tho daily raiſed, was as often aſſwaged. Every action of her life ſhewed ſhe deſpiſed him: but ſhe knew her power; and tho ſhe delighted in teizing, and making him miſerable, ſhe ſtill held him in the bonds of inchantment.

Mr. Willoughby's ideas of domeſtic happineſs were very different. He

He thought a marriage founded in virtue, mutual affection, and mutual intereſt, gave him a better chance for happineſs, than the looſe indulgence of a diſſolute paſſion.

About a mile from his houſe ſtood a good old manſion, which had often been uſed as a jointure-houſe by the widows of the family. Here Mr. Willoughby's mother choſe rather to reſide, with an only daughter, than to live with her ſon. The company he was unavoidably obliged to keep, ſhe thought might be ſome little intruſion on the quiet of her morning and evening hours, which ſhe generally ſpent

alone

alone in her chamber, over her bible. But tho the families lived ſeparately, the diſtance was ſo ſmall, that they were generally together.

Miſs Willoughby had an intimate friend, a young lady of her own age, of the name of Henneage, who generally ſpent a part of every ſummer with her. Here Mr. Willoughby, of courſe, frequently ſaw her, and as often admired her. But his behaviour was ſo very diſtant, that it was impoſſible ſhe could take the leaſt notice of it. At length, when he was fully aſſured of her good qualities, and his own reſolution, he ventured to open

his

his mind to his mother, and ſiſter. He ſoon found he could do nothing more agreeable to them, than to pay his addreſſes to Miſs Henneage. His ſiſter indeed told him, ſhe always ſuſpected he had an affection for her; "Not, ſaid ſhe, from any thing I "ever obſerved in your behaviour; "but becauſe I thought it was im- "poſſible you could look with indif- "ference on ſuch excellence."

Matters being in this train, Mr. Willoughby left it to his mother to open the affair to Miſs Henneage; which ſhe did one evening as the young lady came into her chamber to

aſk

aſk, if ſhe had any objection to her taking a walk with Nancy to the dairy-farm? "I have no objection at "all, my dear Lucy, ſaid Mrs. Wil- "loughby; and now you muſt tell "me, whether you have any object- "on to what I am going to aſk *you*." On mentioning the affair, Mr. Willoughby's pleaſing form, and manly addreſs, and virtues, that were the theme of every tongue, came ſuddenly riſing at once to her imagination: a ſort of palpitating confuſion overſpead her whole frame; and ſhe could anſwer only with a bluſh. She was above any coquetiſh airs: and the old lady

lady needed no other language to convince her, ſhe had ſeen her ſon with as favourable eyes, as he had ſeen her. "Well, my dear, ſaid Mrs. Wil- "loughby, go, and take your walk "with your friend; only don't ſtay "out ſo late, as you did laſt wed- "neſday."

Among other things, which paſſed between the two friends, in their evening walk, on this important occaſion, Miſs Henneage ſaid, it had been her ſecret intention, as ſhe was ſo well provided for by her father, to lead a ſingle life, and ſpend her time, and fortune, like her good aunt, in being of

ſervice

ſervice to her neighbours. "And I "believe ſaid ſhe, nothing but ſuch a "temptation as your brother has "thrown in my way, could have "altered my intention."

Matters being now ſettled, and Mr. Willoughby preſſing for an early day, ſhe ſaid, as ſhe was not yet nineteen, ſhe could not think of changing her ſtate of life, till at leaſt two years more had paſſed over her. To this Mr. Willoughby reluctantly conſented, upon condition ſhe would ſpend that time with his mother, and ſiſter. Miſs Henneage laughed, and ſaid, ſhe did not aſk his conſent, nor thought herſelf

herſelf tyed by any of his conditions. She was yet her own miſtreſs; and intended to ſpend the next two years with her good aunt, as ſhe had always done.

As her aunt lived at the diſtance of thirty miles, this interdict was a ſevere trial to Mr. Willoughby. But he was obliged to ſubmit; and had only the ſatisfaction of calling her a cruel, hard-hearted girl. She had the pleaſure however to find, that her judicious young friend intirely approved her reſolution.

But tho the two years went heavily on, Mr. Willoughby had the happi-

neſs

neſs at length to find, they had an end. *His* happineſs was the happineſs of the country. When he brought his lady home from her aunt's, the whole neighbourhood was in a tumult of joy. Among other compliments paid him on the occaſion, a very elegant copy of verſes was laid, by an unknown hand, upon his hall-table, intitled *Francis and Lucy, or the happy marriage.*

In the mean time, Sir James Leigh was carrying on his *improvements*, as he called them, with a profuſion of expence, that aſtoniſhed every body.

If

If you walked near his houſe, you ſaw groups of labourers, here, and there, and every where—removing ground—widening rivers—building bridges—or employed in other expenſive operations; none of which had been well conſidered, or was conducted with the leaſt taſte, or judgment; for he had too high an opinion of himſelf to follow the advice of any one. His projects were all in oppoſition to nature. He ſeemed to delight in difficulties. If a piece of riſing ground ſtood in his way, inſtead of caſting about, how to turn it into a beauty, he would immediately order it, tho of conder-

able

able dimenſions, to be removed. Such violence is generally eſteemed by all judicious improvers, as abſurd, as it is expenſive.

Within doors he had a large family of ill-governed ſervants; who being haughtily treated, and ill-paid, had no regard for their maſter; and made no ſcruple of paying themſelves by every little fraudulent exaction; and by purloining whatever they could lay their hands upon. Every thing without doors was in the ſame ſtile of profuſion. The waſte and pilfering in his ſtables, and other out-houſes, was enormous.

Money however now, as it may well be ſuppoſed, began to grow ſcarce. Borrowing was his firſt reſource. But as he had different modes of ſpending money, it became neceſſary to have different modes of procuring it. As one of the eaſieſt, a friend ſuggeſted to him the method of borrowing money on annuities; and introduced him to a grave gentleman, who had always money ready to aſſiſt unfortunate young men. From this friend of his neceſſity he could obtain, whenever the hour of diſtreſs came upon him, three, or four thouſand pounds with no more trouble than

that of ſigning his name. Poor Sir James, who never looked beyond the preſſing exigence, had neither the arithmetic, nor the foreſight to calculate how much his eſtate diminiſhed, as his wants were relieved. The courſe of things however ran on, notwithſtanding his ſupineneſs; and at the end of ten years, he found he could not ſpend annually, out of his large eſtate above four thouſand pounds. All this however did not open his eyes. He ſtill went blindly on.

His prudent neighbour, in the mean time, had carryed on his im-

provements in a different manner. He went on ſlowly; but at the end of ſeven years much was to be ſeen. His father had never ſhewn any inſtances of taſte; nor had he ever pretended to it. The ſon had more refined ideas; but indulged them with great propriety. He not only kept within his abilities; but by collecting labourers at thoſe times, when other work was not eaſily to be had, he made his improvements anſwer the double end of advantage to himſelf; and of convenience to his neighbours.

Then again by laying out his plans judiciouſly at firſt, he had never occaſion

ſion to alter them afterwards- Many people ſpend as much in altering, and undoing, as in their original work; which was poor Sir James's caſe.—He had three times altered the courſe of a rivulet, that ran through his park; and had as often changed the ſituation of a bridge. And what was ſingular, his ſecond thought was generally worſe than the firſt; and his third, than the ſecond. The bare alterations, had turning the front, of a *Temple of Fame*, coſt him nearly five hundred pounds. The country people gave it afterwards the name of the *Temple of Folly*.—Mr. Willoughby's improvements were

chargeable with none of theſe ill-digeſted abſurdities. What he did, was done.

It was one of his great rules alſo, never to fight with nature. Her clue guided all his operations. Where ſhe led, he followed: and thus, at the ſame time he formed the moſt beautiful ſcenes, and ſaved more than three fourths of the expence, which his precipitate neighbour would have incurred by attempting the ſame thing. Every autumn he made a little addition to his plan; but he meant the full completion of his deſign to be the amuſement of his life. He judici-

ouſly

ouſly conſidered, that when a plan is finiſhed, it often becomes inſipid: but a growing work ſeldom fails to be a conſtant ſource of pleaſure.

That great error of ſuffering any ſingle part to ſwallow up the reſt, he avoided. Sir James Leigh had confeſſedly the grandeſt ſtables in the country; but they were the ſtables of a prince, not of a country gentleman: they were far beyond the ſcale of his houſe, or any of its appendages. In Mr. Willoughby's improvements, and whole economy, you ſaw nothing but propriety, and proportion. No gentleman made a more elegant ap-

pear-

pearance—rode a better horſe—or had a more genteel equipage. If you entered his houſe, you ſaw every thing in the ſame ſtile of elegance, and economy: and if you looked into his ſtables, you ſaw a ſufficient number of good, uſeful horſes; but no ſuperfluous expence. You ſaw neither race-horſe, nor hunter. Racing he conſidered as gambling: and as to hunting, he thought its many diſagreeable accompaniments took away from it every idea of an amuſement.

As to his ſervants, many of them were a kind of heir-looms. They had lived with his father—had known

him

him from a boy—and were attached to his intereſt: while every new ſervant readily adopted the ways of ſo orderly a ſociety. Indeed his ſervants were generally the children of his tenants, and labourers, whom he took early into his houſe; and advanced as they deſerved. From this way of making up his family, he ſaid, he found great advantage. He had not only his own eye upon his ſervants; but the eye alſo of their parents. In the mean time, his ſervice, which was indeed an *inheritance*, was always anxiouſly ſought after. Such of his ſervants who had lived long with him—

him—had behaved well, as they generally did—and were desirous of settling in the world, he always provided for; procuring for one a place, and giving another a farm. For their reception he had several little tenements scattered about his estate—some of them within the precincts of his park, which he used to call his outposts. "It would be a difficult thing, he would say, for a trespasser to attack me on any side with so many faithful eyes about me."

Many of these tenements were in sight of his house—his garden, or his park: and they were built and contrived

trived in ſuch a manner, as to adorn ſeveral little ſcenes within his view. Some of his neighbours thought theſe tenements would have had a better effect, if they had been built in the form of churches and abbeys, and caſtles. But Mr. Willoughby's taſte was more ſimple. He had a great diſlike to affectation in every ſhape; and thought the plain ornaments of nature the moſt pleaſing decorations of a cottage. A tufted grove—a winding road—the margin of a lake—the banks of a river, or ſome other natural circumſtance, were much more

pleaſing

pleaſing to him, than thoſe pompous trifles, which many people admire.

Among ſervants brought up, and conſidered in the affectionate manner, in which Mr. Willoughby conſidered his ſervants, there was nothing of that riot, waſte, and profuſion, which were endleſs among the ſervants at the other houſe. A careful, old houſekeeper, a butler, and a groom, who had long managed his kitchen, his cellar, and his ſtables, ſaw to the end of every thing. Thus altho Mr. Willoughby lived as hoſpitably, as generouſly, and as reſpectably as any gentleman in the country, and had

made

made many improvements around him—yet by cutting off all needleſs expence, and by introducing ſtrict economy into ſuch expences, as he thought needful, he not only lived within his income; but he had laid by two, or three thouſand pounds, as a little fund againſt emergencies; to which every year he added ſomething. And if any one mentioned to him his acts of bounty, or generoſity, he would ſay, "Do not tell me of theſe things. I get ſcandalouſly rich, whatever you may ſuppoſe." Indeed he uſed always to aſſert that what he gave,

made

made him richer, in a literal ſenſe, inſtead of poorer.

The great difference between Sir James Leigh's ideas of expence, and Mr. Willoughby's, was this. Sir James denied himſelf in nothing. Whatever fooliſh ſcheme came into his head, let the price be what it might, he conſidered only the immediate gratification.—Mr. Willoughby, on the other hand. denyed himſelf many things, not becauſe he ſhould not have taken pleaſure in them, but becauſe he thought them inadequate to the price he was to pay: that is, in ſhort, he conſidered himſelf as the

ſteward

ſteward of heaven's bounty; and thought he ſhould have acted as unjuſtly towards his great maſter, if he had laviſhed that bounty improperly, as his own ſteward would have done, if he had embezzled his rents. *Give an account of thy ſtewardſhip*, was a regulating principle with him in all his expences.

If in any amuſement Mr. Willoughby exceeded, it was in the purchaſe of pictures: and yet in this, he acted with great judgment. If a collector reſolve to purchaſe ſuch pictures only as are curious, and capital, he may be led into any expence. But

pictures

pictures of this kind are often less prized for their excellence, than for the master's name, or some other circumstance; which has little connection with their real value. Much better pictures may be frequently bought at a lower price, tho the connoiseur hath not set his stamp upon them. Among pictures of this second class Mr. Willoughby made his collection. He had a good eye; and furnished his whole house for a sum of money, which the curious collector sometimes gives for a single piece. And yet he was not quite satisfied with his expences on this head; tho it was the

only

only expenſive amuſement, in which he indulged himſelf. "I have been "looking (ſaid he, one day to a friend) "into my picture-accounts; and I "find the pictures in this houſe have "coſt me the ſhameful ſum of one "thouſand, five hundred, and thirty-"two pounds. But my father, good "man, uſed to encourage me in theſe "expences; and perhaps his encou-"ragement may have carried me too "far."——This ſelf-conviction did not ariſe in any degree from his incurring an expence that was inconvenient to him; but merely from the fear of having ſpent on an amuſement

what might have been ſpent on a more proper occaſion.

Several of his apartments had been adorned in his father's time, with family-pictures. But they were ſuch miſerable repreſentatives of ſome very reſpectable people, that Mr. Willoughby uſed to ſay, when he looked at them, they belied every anecdote he had ever heard in their favour.

He did not however ſend his family-pictures, as many do, into a garret; but hung them up in a large room, which he dedicated to the *Manes of his Anceſtors*. This room he contrived to make one of the moſt intereſting apart-

apartments of his houſe. Tho the pictures were bad, the frames were rich; and made a ſplendid appearance. Each portrait was numbered; and theſe numbers referred to a book, which lay on a table covered with green cloth, in the middle of a room. In this book he gave a modeſt account of all the perſons, men, and women, who were aſſembled on the walls; which accounts he prefaced by ſaying, that "as many of thoſe perſons had "deſerved better treatment, than they "had found from the hands of the "artiſts, who had pourtrayed them, "he had endeavoured with filial piety

"to his anceſtors, to make up the "deficiency."——The following inſtance will ſhew the manner in which he drew up theſe ſhort accounts.

## No. IX.

"This gentleman, who from the "whimſical manner, in which the "painter has ſurrounded him with "birds, might be taken for a bird-"catcher, is Mr. Willoughby, the "ornithologiſt, ſon of Sir Francis "Willoughby, (No. VIII.) who hath "juſt been mentioned. At the age "of thirty ſeven, at which he died, "he had attained more learning, and

"know-

" knowledge in various branches,
" eſpecially in natural hiſtory, than
" almoſt any man of his time. And
" what is ſtill more, he hath ever been
" looked up to by his grateful poſte-
" rity, as a pattern of virtue.—See
" his works in the library, (S. 15. 7.)
" and an account of him by his friend
" Mr. Ray, the celebrated naturaliſt,
" who reviſed, and publiſhed them.
" Mr. Ray in his preface to his Orni-
" thology, ſays, *What rendered Mr.*
" *Willoughby moſt commendable, was*
" *his eminent virtue, and goodneſs. I*
" *cannot ſay, that I ever obſerved ſuch*
" *a confluence of excellent qualities in*

 " *one*

"*one perſon.* Mr. Ray then enume-
"rates the ſeveral *excellent qualities*,
"which he had obſerved in him.

Thus Mr. Willoughby had the ingenuity to turn a number of bad pictures into a ſet of very entertaining companions. For as the perſons they repreſented, had figured in various profeſſions of life, and many of them very reputably, he had collected from tradition, letters, and family-records, many amuſing anecdotes of moſt of them.

With three of theſe pictures he was a little perplexed. Two of them were by Vandyck, and the third by Sir Peter

Peter Lely: and as all the three were good, he would have been glad to have hung them up in one of his beſt rooms. But on conſideration, he hung all together, and graced the bad with the good.

Of taſte, in any ſhape, except the moſt groſs and ſenſual, Sir James Leigh had no idea. Of books he knew nothing. He was totally illiterate; and in every branch of ſcience intirely ignorant. On his intimacy with the polite arts indeed he valued himſelf greatly: but his knowledge of them went no further, than that kind of

inſipid

inſipid, inſignificant prattle, which diſtinguiſhes a coxcomb. Few people therefore who had the leaſt pretenſion, either to taſte, or reading, or virtue, or any thing commendable, ever came near him. The company that frequented his houſe, were the ſpendthrifts—the horſe-racers—the gameſters, and other profligate young fellows of the country. Their table-converſation was commonly made up of the occurrences of the laſt horſe-race—the laſt cock-fight—or the laſt hunting-match—perhaps at what tavern ſuch a diſh was beſt dreſſed—or where the beſt wine of ſuch a kind

was

was ſold. The brothel too was a common theme among them. And all this converſation was larded with oaths—prophaneneſs—and obſcenity. Loud debates too on theſe important ſubjects would often enſue—many clamouring at once—while others were ſinging filthy ſongs and catches—till, as the hour grew late, and bottle after bottle, had been called for—all this horrid din ſunk by degrees into the beaſtly ſtupidity of intoxication.

All ſuch intemperance and irregularity, tho not immediately felt in a young conſtitution, yet will ſap it by degrees: and Sir James found, before he

he was forty, that his vicious pleaſures, and common modes of life, had even then begun to call him to a ſevere account.

In the mean time all thoſe diſguſting ſcenes, which were acted in the parlour, were acted over again in the ſervant's hall; where they were heightened, if poſſible, with ſtill more abominable brutality.

To all this, Mr. Willoughby's family was a direct contraſt. He was rather a retired man himſelf, and not fond of company. But his ſtation in life brought many people about him; tho

tho he mixed freely with thoſe only, who were men of approved character. With theſe he was always on the beſt terms. The clergyman of the pariſh, who was a religious and ſenſible man, and about his own age, was much his companion. Beſides him, there were a few more men of letters in the country; with whoſe elegant and inſtructive converſation he always mixed with great pleaſure. But when the diſcourſe did not turn on literary ſubjects, nothing was ever heard at his table, that was not at leaſt innocent, chearful, and good-humoured. Often it turned on modes

of

of eaſing the diſtreſſes of the poor, and of adding to their comforts. Moſt of the benevolent ſchemes, carried on in the pariſh, of which there were many, took their riſe at Mr. Willoughby's table.

At ſuch a board, it may eaſily be imagined, no irregularity could be admitted. Mr. Willoughby himſelf lived with that temperance, and ſobriety, which all wiſe men would practiſe even on worldly motives, tho they did not conſider thoſe virtues in the light of chriſtian duties. And in his company no man, if he were even inclined, durſt exceed. Saints are com-

commonly painted with a glory round their heads. A ſort of ſplendid atmoſphere ſomewhat of this kind ſurrounds good men, within the influence of which nothing indecent dare approach.

The amuſements of the family were as rational as their converſation. Mr Willoughby's library was a room for uſe, not for ſhew. It was adorned with globes, maps, and other ſuitable appendages. He ſpent much of his time among his books. Cards were never ſeen in his houſe; an averſion to which he inherited from his father, who always thought them the moſt in-

ſipid

ſipid of all amuſements. A game at cheſs he would ſometimes play with the vicar; which was commonly a ſharp contention between them; and often drew on more eagerneſs, than Mr. Willoughby liked; each having the vanity to think he was the better player.

In ſummer alſo bowls were much in faſhion; in which Mr. Willoughby was ſuperior to all his antagoniſts. The gentlemen who commonly frequented his green, uſed to laugh, and ſay, they would vote him out of all their matches; for they were ſure he exerciſed himſelf with his bowls alone.

—And

—And this indeed was true enough: for it was his uſual practice, when he found himſelf languid at his book, to ſtep out at a back-door in his ſtudy, which opened near the bowling-green, and refreſh himſelf there with a little exerciſe.

But his amuſements of every kind were moderate, and rational; and his ſervants having no examples before them, but what tended to their improvement, fell naturally into all thoſe modes of quietneſs, regularity and civility, which appeared ſo amiable in their maſter; whoſe endeavour they plainly ſaw, was to make them happy,

and

and gratify them in every thing that was proper for them.

The employment, and amuſements of the neighbouring family were very different. Sir James Leigh acted like a man, who thought a large fortune had been given him merely to ſpend in different modes of diſſipation. Gaming was his predominant paſſion. Nothing ingroſſed his thoughts ſo much: nor was any one welcome at his houſe, who was not addicted to cards, and dice.

Cards, and dice likewiſe deſcended into the ſervant's-hall, where the ſpirit of

of gaming, only in a lower ſtile, reigned with all its aſſociate paſſions, as much as in the parlour.

But his gaming in the country was comparatively mere *amuſement*. In town, it was a *buſineſs*. At home he played generally with his equals; and tho the practice was vile, it was ſeldom ruinous. But when he went to London, and became a *cully* (as all young adventurers are) in the hands of *profeſſed maſters* in the art of gaming, it was dreadful indeed. And tho it would be as difficult to perſuade theſe *profeſſors* to relinquiſh an art by which they live, as it would be to

perſuade their brethren of the road to lay aſide their crape and piſtols; yet one ſhould ſuppoſe ſo many fatal examples might have ſome weight with the poor *cullies*, who are drawn into their ſnares. They ſhould recollect the cautious anſwer once given to another plunderer;

——————— *Nos veſtigia terrent*
*Omnia te adverſum ſpectantia, nulla retrorſum.*

Poor Sir James was a *cully* of the firſt order. His ſervants uſed to give out, they had rare doings at their houſe in London. Their maſter was generally all day in bed: and their miſtreſs

miſtreſs was ſeldom at home. Indeed Sir James commonly ſpent his nights in a gaming-houſe; and retired to bed about ſunriſe.

The ſame happineſs which reigned among Mr. Willoughby's *ſervants*, was diffuſed among his *tenants*. With them he lived upon the eaſieſt terms. When an old tenant renewed his leaſe, his rent was never raiſed, unleſs ſome improvement in the land made the reaſon evident, and the tenant himſelf ſaw the propriety of it. It was Mr. Willoughby's great pleaſure to ſee all his tenants thrive under him; and

to be of ſervice to ſuch, as had large families, by aſſiſting the parents in providing for them. In caſes of unavoidable misfortunes, he would often forgive rents: and in caſes of leſs urgency he had provided a fund, from which he lent ſmall ſums without intereſt, either to repair ſome little loſs—or to purchaſe with advantage at a good market.—When a tenant, or a labourer died, he had eſpecial regard to the widow, and family, which he conſidered as a truſt devolved upon himſelf, if their circumſtances required it. If the widow choſe to keep the farm, his ſteward, or himſelf, was al-

ways

ways ready to give his advice, or aſſiſtance.—Beſides theſe open inſtances of kindneſs, he was continually doing acts of unknown generoſity: and in ſhort was conſidered, wherever his connections extended, as a kind of centre, which drew to it the difficulties, and diſtreſſes of the whole neighbourhood around him.

One indulgence he gave his tenants, which was of no ſolid advantage indeed, but very gratifying. He allowed them all to kill game upon their own farms—but he allowed this liberty only to the tenant himſelf, not to his ſervants. And he uſed to ſay,

he believed he was a gainer by it: for the tenant thus intereſted, kept off poachers, and was careful to preſerve the game. Whereas, among Sir James's tenants, it was not an uncommon thing, when any of them found a neſt of eggs in their fields, to cruſh them. "We have no advantage, "they would ſay, from the birds our-"ſelves, why ſhould we feed them for "others—eſpecially for ſuch a land-"lord as ours?" In the mean time, Mr. Willoughby's table was plentifully ſupplied. One or other of the tenants was continually ſending him in the ſeaſon, a hare, or a pheaſant,

or

or a couple of partridges: and when he wanted game, on any emergence, his gamekeeper could eaſily get intelligence where to find it.

It was his great pleaſure, when he rode out, to call on one, or other of his tenants; to whom he had always ſomething to ſay, that was pleaſing; or ſomething to propoſe that was uſeful. In ſhort, he conſidered them as a part of his family; and was beloved and popular among them, beyond what can be imagined.

Very different was the intercourſe between Sir James Leigh and his tenants

ants. Nothing pleaſing ever paſſed between them. The ſteward, and the attorney were the only agents. Rents were raiſed.—Inſtant payments were demanded.—Misfortunes were never conſidered.—Seizures were made.—Guns, and dogs were taken away—Every thing was managed with harſhneſs. He never wiſhed to conciliate people by acts of kindneſs; but to draw them to his purpoſes by acts of oppreſſion.—An honeſt farmer, who lived in my neighbourhood, gave me the following relation.

"A few years ago, ſaid he, I rented a little farm under Sir James Leigh. He

He was then very buſy with his hounds: tho I believe now, poor man! that matter, as well as others, are pretty well over with him. However he then kept two packs of different kinds; and uſed to put out the young hounds among his farmers, and tenants. Two of his fox-hounds were appointed for me. But as I had young children, and did not much like ſuch company among them, I ſent them back to his huntſman with a civil excuſe. I was told I ſhould ſuffer for it: and indeed I did. He let his fences go down in ſome grounds, which bordered on a large

meadow

meadow of mine—the only one, which I intended for hay. I complained over and over, that his cattle were continually treſpaſſing in my meadow: but I could get no redreſs. I am ſure he let his fences go down on purpoſe: and I loſt more than ten pounds that year by the miſchief, that was done me. After this, I believe, nobody durſt refuſe his hounds.——He ſerved another of his tenants, John Ellis, continued the farmer, the ſame kind of ill-natured trick. What Ellis had done to diſoblige him, I forget: but I am ſure it muſt have been ſome trifling thing, for

for Ellis was as good tempered man as any in England. Whatever it was however Sir James took high offence, and ſhewed his revenge by locking up a gate (over which unhappily the leaſe had left him a power) that led to the farmer's yard. By this piece of tyranny he obliged poor Ellis to carry his loaden waggons a mile and a half about."

Thus, in ſhort, the landlord and tenants were always in ſuch a ſtate of war, and diſagreeable fermentation, that while Mr. Willoughby's farms were all well let; and half a dozen candidates appeared for every one that

was

was vacant, Sir James had the mortification to hear, that ſeveral of his beſt farms were untenanted. They were of courſe managed by his ſteward and attorney, who being ill-paid, took good care to pay themſelves; ſo that after the farms had paſſed through their hands, they produced little or nothing to the landlord. The only ſolace he had, on theſe occaſions, was to curſe his people all round; and ſwear he was beſet on all hands by a pack of rogues, and raſcals; and that he did not believe there was a grain of honeſty on the face of the earth.

The

The intercourſe alſo of theſe two gentlemen with their tradeſmen, was as different as every other part of their conduct. Nothing could be more unpunctual than Sir James Leigh. He never ſent for a bill; and when it was ſent to him, no notice was taken of it. When the tradeſman complained, he was told, the bill had been miſlaid; and was ordered to ſend another—or he was told, that ſeveral articles were charged in ſo extraordinary a manner, that it would take ſome time to look them over. The truth was, no money could be found—eſpecially for ſuch pur-

purpoſes.—Sometimes indeed, when he had had a run of ill-luck at play, he was put to all his ſhifts even to procure a few guineas. In the mean time, ſome of his tradeſmen would haſten payment by attorney's letters; and others would refuſe to ſerve him longer.

All this gave him little diſtreſs. He had no regard for any thing, in which honour, or honeſty, or even bare decency was concerned. He had as little for his own intereſt, which ſuffered at all points by thus putting himſelf intirely into the hands of others, and diſabling himſelf from either

either rectifying a miſtake, or guarding againſt a fraud. In ſhort, if he could dexterouſly evade the preſſing moment, it was all he deſired.

In the mean time, Mr. Willoughby's affairs were managed with the utmoſt regularity. He knew the contents of each bill, and could eaſily check an improper charge.—Very exact people are often ſolicitous to pay all their bills at the end of every week, or ſome other ſhort period. But ſuch rigid punctuality is ſometimes inconvenient to tradeſmen; who rather wiſh, when their money

is

is ſafe, to let it lie, till they have occaſion to uſe it. Of this Mr. Willoughby was aware: and wiſhing always to accomodate himſelf as much as poſſible, to the convenience of others, he deſired all his tradeſmen to ſend in their accounts, when it was moſt agreeable to themſelves. They ſhould be anſwered immediately. Only for his own convenience he deſired, that none of them might ſtand out longer than half a year.

But the moſt eſſential difference between theſe two gentlemen, was in the article of religion. In Mr. Willoughby's

loughby's family you immediately ſaw you were in a chriſtian country. That beautiful ſimplicity, and decorum of manners, which may be called the garb of religion, might be ſeen in every part of it: and the more you were converſant in it, the more you ſaw of its religious deportment. Every morning and evening, the bell rang for prayers. Whether company was in the houſe, or not, it made no difference. Ceremony to man was never ſuffered to interfere with a duty to God. Religious books were often read. Bibles, and other good books were ſeen lying on parlour-windows,

and tables; and it was thought no impropriety to converſe on religious ſubjects. Sunday was ſtrictly obſerved. Mr. Willoughby and his family, with as many of the ſervants, as could be ſpared, went regularly to church—the ſacrament was frequented —and great care was taken to keep up a religious impreſſion among the ſervants. Sunday was never a day of invitation, and company. The ſervants therefore had as much reſpite as poſſible from the buſineſs of the parlour, the kitchen, and the ſtable.

As

As to chriſtianity, in Sir James Leigh's family, it was out of the queſtion. There was not even the leaſt ſign of religious decorum. You could not diſtinguiſh Sunday from any other day. Cards, and gaming, and drinking, were indiſcriminately practiſed. The ſervants followed the example of their maſter; and if any of them was better diſpoſed, and ſhewed the leaſt degree of ſerioufneſs, he was immediately laughed out of it. Sir James's houſe indeed lay under ſo bad a name, that no young perſons, either men, or women, who had any regard for their characters, would live

there: ſo that in fact, it was filled with ſuch ſervants only, as nobody elſe would hire: nor indeed would any decent perſon hire a ſervant that had lived in ſo diſreputable a family.

While Mr. Willoughby led the reſpectable life we have ſeen in his own neighbourhood, and was beloved, wherever he was known, an event came on, which ſhewed, he was equally reſpected throughout the county. At the general election a candidate offered himſelf, by no means acceptable to the general ſenſe of the freeholders. But as nobody oppoſed him, he muſt

of

of courſe be elected. In this dilemma the gentlemen of the county, threw their eyes on Mr Willoughby, as a popular man—of good fortune—of an eſtabliſhed character—of an ancient family, long ſeated in the county, and every way the moſt likely to draw the eſteem of all parties. Mr. Willoughby told them he was not ambitious of ſerving in parliament; but at all times attentive to the intereſts of the county. As he thought it imprudent however to riſk his fortune in a conteſted election, he hoped they would excuſe his ſtipulating for ſupport. On this head he was made perfectly

eaſy; but at the ſame time aſſured, that if he would only declare himſelf, all oppoſition would ceaſe. This aſſurance was well founded. It was no ſooner known, that Mr. Willoughby offered himſelf, than the unanimous voice of the county appeared in his favour—the offenſive candidate declined; and Mr. Willoughby was elected at the trifling expence of two hundred pounds—even which, the gentlemen of the county were deſirous to pay, if he would have ſuffered them.

When he was in the houſe, he was reſpected by the miniſter, and often voted

voted with him: but he was not of his phalanx, and as often voted againſt him. From all favours he kept aloof; conſidering them as bribes, which were in ſome ſhape to be repaid. This diſintereſted conduct gave him ſo much credit in the houſe, that all the young members who had not addicted themſelves to party; but meant honeſtly to their country, thought they could not do better, than look up to Mr. Willoughby; and in all queſtions to follow his lead.

At the time when Mr. Willoughby was thus complimented by the gentlemen

tlemen of his county with a ſeat in parliament (which by the way they would never allow him afterwards to relinquiſh, till age made it a burden to him) Sir James Leigh in the neighbouring county, received as great an affront. He was exactly in the caſe of the offenſive candidate, who had been antagoniſt to Mr. Willoughby, having obtruded himſelf againſt the inclination of all the leading gentlemen of the county, by whom he was thoroughly deſpiſed. A warm oppoſition was immediately ſet on foot. With his uſual folly and diſregard to conſequences, he obſtinately perſevered;

ſevered; and was at length diſgrace-fully thrown out, after he had ſpent, at the loweſt calculation, twenty-five thouſand pounds.—This was a heavy ſtroke upon his affairs, already greatly in the wane. He ſought parliament indeed only as an aſylum; or, if poſ-ſible, to better his fortune: but by this unſucceſsful attempt, he found his difficulties doubly increaſed. Some of his beſt tenements, and farms had already been diſpoſed of, to ſilence his creditors, rather than to pay them. The beſt part of his eſtate was deeply mortgaged: and all his timber was cut down and ſold.

Many

Many thouſand trees were felled, which were ſtill in a growing ſtate. In ſhort, his extravagancies of various kinds had run him quite aground; and this laſt election-affair had almoſt compleated his ruin.

Another diſagreeable buſineſs alſo happened ſoon after the election. Sir James's mother had a ſettlement upon his eſtate of two thouſand pounds a year, which had never been regularly paid. But at this time, the arrears were very large. Having made many ineffectual demands, ſhe called upon him one morning; and after much heat and paſſion on both ſides, ſhe left

left him with a threat to put the affair into her lawyer's hands; which ſhe did ſoon afterwards, and obliged him to pay in one ſum near eleven thouſand pounds, which he now found it very difficult to procure.

More than twenty years had now elapſed, ſince theſe two gentlemen had taken poſſeſſion of their eſtates. During the firſt ſix, or ſeven years, we have ſeen Sir James carrying on ſuch immenſe works, as aſtoniſhed every body. But they had all long ſince been diſcontinued. One fooliſh project after another, had ſubſided. Nothing

thing was finiſhed. The whole compaſs of his intended improvements was now a ſcene of wild, expenſive deſolation. What he had *done*, and what he had *undone*—what he had *begun*, and what he had yet only *planned*, were all blended together in one maſs of confuſion.

In the mean time Mr. Willoughby's improvements, which had gone on leiſurely, had now attained great perfection. His trees were well-grown; and he had the ſatisfaction to ſee the plan, which he had originally formed with ſo much judgment, now opening more

more and more into ſcenes of beauty. Every thing was in excellent order: his trees, and his ſhrubs were healthy: his lawns and his walks perfectly neat. It was eaſy to ſee, the hand, which had executed all this elegance, was ſtill extended over it.

His farms too, and all the *profitable* parts of his eſtate, were in the ſame excellent order. While poor Sir James had not a farm houſe, that was not almoſt in ruins, Mr. Willoughby's eſtate was a model of regularity, and good management. It was one of his great pleaſures to ſee his tenants under good roofs; and he thought nothing

was

was loſt by making every thing convenient about them. What timber he cut down, was only ſuch as called for the axe; and in its room he planted thouſands of trees all over his domains, wherever wood could poſſibly grow with advantage—in the corners of fields particularly; which mode of planting, if it be managed properly, turns a field into a lawn.—By judicious perſons it was calculated, that by planting, draining, and other improvements, he had increaſed the value of his eſtate, ſince he took poſſeſſion of it, at leaſt fifty thouſand pounds. And tho he ſeldom raiſed his old tenants,

ants, yet in his new leaſes, tho they were always moderate, he added ſeveral hundred pounds to his yearly rental.

The laſt event of Sir James's career was the moſt miſerable of all. The woman, with whom he lived, was now become intolerable to him. Indeed ſhe had been one cauſe, and no inconſiderable one, of the ruin of his affairs. Her debts, which he had twice paid, amounted to ſums of conſequence. Her very dreſs required the rental of a good farm to ſupport. Nothing was too expenſive for her.

In

In ſhort, ſhe was the very genius of prodigality. Her girls alſo, (for ſhe had five) vyed in finery with the firſt-rate miſſes in the country: tho in the article of education, it muſt be allowed, an intire ſaving had been made.

While her youth, and beauty laſted, ſhe knew how to aſſuage any tumult ſhe might have raiſed; and long therefore continued to reign the intire miſtreſs of his family. But five, and twenty years, joined to an irregular life, had now effaced her charms. Her elegant form was become heavy and bloated. Her fine complexion was grown red and pimpled. She

had

had loſt ſeveral of her teeth: and the natural violence of her temper, having chaced away all the roſy ſmiles, and dimples of youth, had taken ſtern poſſeſſion of all her features. As the means of ſoothing, therefore were gone, a continued ſcene of quarrel, animoſity, and bitterneſs enſued. What was at firſt only diſlike on one ſide, had now changed into a thorough diſguſt on both.

Sir James had long wiſhed to rid himſelf of this incumbrance: but ſhe had ſuch an aſcendancy over him, at firſt by her beauty, and afterwards by the violence of her temper, that he

never could, indeed he never durſt, propoſe it. Wearied at length however by her extravagance, and provoking inſolence, he determined, at all events, to rouſe himſelf, and throw off an evil, which was now beyond all ſufferance. He told her therefore plainly, that he could keep her in his houſe no longer; and that ſhe might repair to ſuch a place (a houſe of his own in a diſtant village) where ſhe ſhould find he had not left her deſtitute.

No mad heroine on a ſtage, could diſplay more fury, than ſhe did on this occaſion. "What! after ſe-

"ducing

" ducing her, and robbing her of her
" innocence, did he mean to turn
" her out of his houſe? Was ſhe,
" and her poor girls to go begging
" about the country?—No: ſhe
" vowed revenge. She did not ſet
" her own life at a farthing in compa-
" riſon with her revenge: and if he
" dared to mention ſuch an inſult to
" her again, ſhe would ſhew him, what
" an injured, and inraged woman
" could do."

Soon afterwards, her brother, the lieutenant, appeared upon the ſtage. He entered the houſe rudely; and without any ceremony, told Sir

James in a ſurly tone, that he ſhould find his poor injured ſiſter had a friend, who would revenge her wrongs, if he attempted to uſe her ill. —And to impreſs his menace more ſtrongly, he was often ſeen, from the parlour windows, ſwaggering about the park with his hat fiercely cocked, and a long ſword by his ſide, as if he was ready to be called in on the firſt ſummons.

No poor wretch was ever ſo miſerably harraſſed, as Sir James. His misfortunes, (or rather his *diſtreſſes*, for they were all of his own bringing on) had now ſunk his ſpirits, and totally

totally unmanned him. He needed not ſuch a ſpectre always before his windows to keep him within. Duns, and writs, and jails, were frightful ideas, and always in his thoughts. If he went to the door, he feared a bailiff in every buſh.—As to the affair of the woman, he determined to make up matters as well as he could; and ſubmit again to that tyranny, which he could not throw off; tho he feared it would now be more inſufferable than ever.

In no very ſhort time, however he was relieved, as far as getting rid of this nuiſance could relieve him.

While

While ſhe lived with him, tho totally negligent of *his* affairs, ſhe had been very intent on *her own*: and had ſecured a good purſe for herſelf; which in the wreck of his fortune, ſhe found no very difficult matter. But when ſhe now ſaw there was nothing more to be had, ſhe had no inclination to ſtay longer; and took an opportunity early one morning to diſappear, carrying the family-jewels with her, (which ſhe would never ſuffer him to diſpoſe of) and what elſe of value ſhe could eaſily pack up. Her brother waited for her with a chaiſe at the park-

park-gate; and where they went, nobody could tell.

The next day however Sir James received a note from her, intimating, that, "As ſhe found he had loſt all affection for her, ſhe would no longer diſtreſs him with her preſence. Nor would ſhe intrude farther on his bounty. The little things he had given her, would ſufficiently maintain her: only ſhe begged, he would, for her ſake, take a fatherly care of the poor children ſhe had left him."—Three of them, now young women, (poor uneducated creatures) were growing up to be as

great

great plagues, as their mother had been. What to do with them; and what to do with himſelf, were matters of diſtraction to him.

But the jewels were his firſt concern. As they were very valuable, and what he had looked on as his laſt ſtake, he determined to purſue her with a warrant. But his attorney told him, that conſidering how things had been circumſtanced between them, and that ſhe had often been ſeen with thoſe jewels about her in public, he much doubted, whether he could recover them, even if he ſhould be able

to

to find her. He was obliged therefore to desist.

At length, having sold his last unsettled acre, and collected from the wreck of his affairs, all he could, he gave his poor girls little more than was just sufficient to keep them from starving; and with the rest, he endeavoured to find a refuge abroad from the distresses he suffered at home.

All these evils he had brought upon himself, together with the total ruin of his constitution, before he had attained the age of forty-seven. What became of him afterwards, was never

never certainly known: but it was commonly ſuppoſed, he ended his days in ſome obſcure part of Italy, or Switzerland.

During the ſeveral years, that Sir James Leigh was thus harraſſed with an imperious woman, whom he deteſted, but could not ſhake off, Mr. Willoughby was enjoying the full happineſs of domeſtic comfort. He had married a lady every way deſerving of him. They had but one mind between them, which was centered in making each other happy; and in diffuſing happineſs, as far as they could,

around

around them. The firſt object of their care was the education of their little family; and they had the ſatisfaction to ſee them grow up with every hopeful appearance.

As their eldeſt ſon advanced towards manhood, the old people of the pariſh uſed to ſay, he put them much in mind of what his father had been at his age. He was the ſame engaging youth, with his auburn hair hanging in curls about his ſhoulders—modeſt, civil, and obliging to every body; and moſt pleaſed, when he had the power given him of pleaſing others.

He

He married, as his father had done, early in life; and equally to the ſatisfaction of his parents. On this event his father ſettled an eſtate of two thouſand a year upon him; and put him in poſſeſſion of that houſe, which his grandmother had formerly occupied.

Mr. Willoughby was now happy in his grandchildren. Seldom a day paſſed, in which two or three of them did not come to play upon the lawn, before his ſtudy-windows; and would run in, one at a time, to deliver ſome meſſage from mama; or to aſk for one of his ſticks to ride upon.

Mr.

Mr. Willoughby lived many years after his ſon's marriage, with a greater ſhare of felicity, than happens to moſt men. He was happy in himſelf—in his fame—in his fortunes—in his children—and above all, in his excellent Lucy, who doubled all his pleaſures—divided all his cares—and leſſened all his pains.

*THE END.*

# MEMOIRS

OF

# JOHN WILMOT,

## Earl of Rochester.

JOHN WILMOT, Earl of Rochester, in Charles the second's reign, poſſeſſed more the graces of an elegant perſon—was better bred—and was more lively and agreeable in converſation, than almoſt any man of his time. While his manners made him univerſally engaging; his parts and knowledge introduced him to men of genius, and letters. He was fond of reading; and found one of his greateſt pleaſures to ariſe from in-

creaſing his knowledge. His diſpoſition too was naturally good. He was well natured, obliging to every body, and never backward in ſerving a friend.

He finiſhed his education abroad, under the conduct of a very worthy tutor: and brought home with him a greater variety of juſt obſervations on men, and things, than moſt young men are able to collect.

To his other accompliſhments he added the ſplendor of military glory; having ſerved twice with the Earl of Sandwich, as a volunteer in the Dutch war, with great reputation.—And

what

what gave a poliſh to all his accompliſhments and good qualities, was the unaſſuming modeſty of his behaviour. He himſelf was the only perſon who appeared unconſcious of the ſuperiority of his parts and knowledge.

Thus qualified, he was fatally introduced to the licentious court of Charles the ſecond, who made him one of the gentlemen of his bedchamber, and ranger of Woodſtock park.

The life of a courtier gave a new turn to his ideas. He became the idol of all the gay, the profligate, and unprincipled young people, with whom that court abounded. His manners were

ſo engaging, and his wit, and humour ſo entertaining, eſpecially when a little inlivened with wine, that he was continually beſet by thoſe, who watched every opportunity of enjoying his company.

Tho Lord Rocheſter had a taſte for literature, he ſoon alſo felt a taſte for pleaſure, which in the end deſtroyed every principle of virtue.—In the early part of his life he had a reliſh only for the company of men of genius, ſenſe, and learning. But court manners rendered him leſs nice. He was frequently obliged to mix with trifling, illiterate, and vicious people: and finding

finding he could unbend himſelf among them, and be perfectly at his eaſe; he began to find a reliſh in their company; and by degrees to like no other company ſo well.

Thus entered among profligate people, he ſoon became eminent. As he was ſuperior to all his companions in wit and genius, he ſoon outdid them all likewiſe in every kind of depravity. He gave a looſe to his appetites, and courted pleaſure in every form. During five years of his life, he confeſſed, he was hardly ever in ſuch a ſtate as could be called perfectly ſober; and in this time was guilty of a

thouſand ſtrange extravagancies. He would go about the country in various ſhapes, ſeldom without ſome profligate intention—chiefly in purſuit of ſome low amour. But whatever character he aſſumed—a farmer—a ſailor—a razor-grinder—a beggar—or any other—he acted his part in every diſguiſe, ſo incomparably well, that if he had met even an intimate friend, as he frequently did, he would paſs undiſcovered; and would afterwards tell his friend ſome circumſtances of his life, which the other thought he only could have known by witchcraft. Once being obliged to keep out of the way, he

he became a mountebank on Tower-hill; and was enough acquainted with phyſic, to delude the populace into an opinion of his wonderful abilities. In this profeſſion, he uſed to ſay, he could have made a very comfortable ſubſiſtence, if he had wiſhed it.

Nor was he more abandoned to the indulgence of his appetites, than looſe to every principle of common honeſty. Pleaſure was his only purſuit. This led him into expence. Expence produced neceſſity; and neceſſity, diſhoneſty. Profeſſions of friendſhip to thoſe whom he mortally hated, and intended, if he could, to ruin—unmeaning

meaning oaths and vows in his addreſſes to women—tricks put upon tradeſmen, and creditors, to deceive, and cheat them, with a variety of other diſhoneſt practices, were common with him. In ſhort, no man ever gave himſelf up to pleaſure with more eagerneſs—was leſt reſtrained by principle in the purſuit of it—was better qualified to procure it—or had a higher reliſh for the enjoyment of it when procured.

But one great obſtacle ſtill obtruded itſelf on theſe joyous purſuits. Tho he had not principle enough to reſtrain his actions, he had enough to

alarm

alarm his conſcience. Mere morality he was able to manage pretty well; were it not for its inconvenient connection with religion. It was neceſſary for him therefore to reaſon down all the troubleſome reflections, which aroſe on this ſubject; and with this view he had gotten together all the common-place arguments he could invent, or collect—many of them taken up from thoſe, whom on any other ſubject he would have deſpiſed.

It cannot be ſuppoſed, that a mind ſo full of intelligence as his was, could eaſily be diveſted of every idea of religion. The being of a God he allowed,

lowed. He ſaid, he never could conceive the world to be made by chance; the productions and regularity of nature, proclaimed beyond contradiction an infinite power. But then he wiſhed to infer from various circumſtances, which he did not care to examine deeply, that this power had little concern with the affairs of men. He could not, he ſaid, attribute human paſſions—hate, or love—to a perfect being. That would be to form a Deity on heathen theology: and therefore, where there was neither love nor hatred, he could not ſuppoſe

there

there could be either reward, or puniſhment.

Then again he thought, that to love God, was preſumptuous—to fear him, ſuperſtitious. Prayer he thought could be of no uſe, as it was not to be imagined the Deity was ſo weak, as to be wrought on by the importunities of man. All religious worſhip therefore, except, as he would ſay, in a gay humour, a few hymns in celebration of the divine majeſty, he ſuppoſed to be uſeleſs.

Two maxims in morality he confeſſed he could not but hold, however little he had lived up to them.—That

we

we ſhould do nothing to injure another; nor any thing to prejudice ourſelves—particularly our own health: but that the gratification of our appetites, when it did not interfere with either of theſe points, he endeavoured to perſuade himſelf was very lawful. It was unreaſonable he thought to ſuppoſe they were put into man, merely to be reſtrained.

It was his favourite doctrine, that ſelf-intereſt governed the world; and that it was right it ſhould do ſo. What was general benevolence, he would aſk, but putting one man's happineſs in the power of another?

Whereas,

Whereas, if every man took care of himſelf, the buſineſs was in ſafer hands, and the end would be better anſwered.

Still however the doctrine of a future ſtate recurred, notwithſtanding all his endeavours to ſtifle it; and was more in his way than any thing elſe; as he could not believe the ſoul would be diſſolved by death. What might become of it, he could not pretend to ſay: but ſtill he perſuaded himſelf the doctrine of rewards and puniſhments was not included in its immortality. That doctrine, he wiſhed to believe, was big with abſurdity. Heaven appeared

peared to him too good for the beſt; and hell too bad for the worſt. And indeed he conceived, if God was the good Being he was repreſented, he could not, conſiſtently with that goodneſs, make any of his creatures miſerable.

Thus he had formed a ſort of religion for himſelf which he had contrived to anſwer an unprincipled life. As for the religion of the bible, he found it of too rigid a texture to mold into any commodious form. He was obliged therefore to ſtrike the bible entirely out of his ſcheme. In order to this, like other infidels, he would liſten

liſten to no *evidence* in its favour; but thought every *objection*, tho he might have found it anſwered over and over, highly worth his attention.

As for the inſpiration of the ſcriptures, he uſed to ſay, he knew not what it meant. He could not conceive, how God ſhould reveal his ſecrets to men. Nor indeed could he ſee any occaſion for revealed religion at all, as he had no idea of man's having been ever placed in a better ſtate than he was in at preſent. And even if a revelation had been neceſſary, one ſhould have thought it would have been more extenſive; and have taken

place

place long before the time of Auguſtus Cæſar.—As to prophecies, and miracles, the world had ever been full of ſuch wonderful ſtories—and he ſuppoſed they all depended intirely on the credulity and folly of mankind.—The ſcriptures, he thought, carried on their very face the marks of impoſition: the ſtile and manner of writing—the various contradictions, which he found in them—the diſorder in point of time—and many other things, he owned, had ſufficient weight with him to deſtroy their credibility.—Beſides, he ſaid if a man *could not believe*, which was his caſe, faith could neither

be

be *forced* upon him, nor *required*—and the myſteries of ſcripture, ſuch as the trinity—the incarnation—the atonement, and ſome others, were to him wholly incomprehenſible.

But of all things, he plumed his infidelity moſt upon the bad lives of the profeſſors of chriſtianity. As the clergyman, he ſaid, had ſtudied religion, he muſt of courſe be beſt acquainted with the evidences of it: and if theſe evidences had no effect on him, it was ſhrewdly to be ſuſpected, there was no weight in them. When he ſaw clergymen therefore at court, uſing ſo many mean arts, as he

often did, in obtaining preferment, he could not ſuppoſe, they conceived better of the chriſtian religion, than he himſelf did.

Thus we have taken a ſhort view of the abandoned life of this uncommonly wicked profligate. We have ſeen the pleas he made uſe of to cover his vices; and the arguments he uſed with himſelf, ſuch as they were, to ſtrengthen his infidelity. His whole life indeed was only a ſtruggle againſt conviction: for a man of his ſenſe could not avoid perceiving that when he debaſed religion, he put a force upon

upon nature.—Let us now ſee the end of all this: and how it concluded at length in the triumph of religion.

Whilſt this noble profligate enjoyed his health, and met with no checks from nature in the purſuit of pleaſure, all was well. His mind was occupied in a thouſand pleaſureable engagements—reflection was turned aſide—and his conſcience in a great degree ſilenced.——But vicious enjoyments have ſeldom an extended date. Before he had attained his thirtieth year, Lord Rocheſter had out-run his conſtitution; and found every acceſs of pleaſure to be an acceſs alſo of diſ-

eaſe. He was now worn down to a ſhadow; and conſumptive ſymptoms were increaſing daily upon him. But what threatened the moſt immediate danger, was an ulcer, which his phyſicians thought was forming in his bladder. As it gave him however no great uneaſineſs, he hoped it might diſperſe without any fatal effects. And indeed he found himſelf afterwards ſo well, that having occaſion to viſit his eſtate in Somerſetſhire, he undertook the journey with his uſual impetuoſity, and rode poſt. But the heat, and violence of the exerciſe ſo inflamed the ulcer, which might probably

bly with care and quietneſs, have diſperſed, that he was obliged to return in his coach to Woodſtock-lodge, very much out of order.

God affords all ſinners *opportunities of reflection*—ſome circumſtances in each man's life, which, if they were as properly accepted, as they are graciouſly intended, would lead him to repentance. Some men are drawn by cords of love. But ſevere calamities only can bring others to reflection. When they feel the world failing under them; and its beſt promiſes ending in deceit, if they are not hard-

ened beyond all reflection, they naturally look round for ſomething that can adminiſter comfort.

This was the caſe of the Earl of Rocheſter. He had lived a pleaſureable, and a vicious life, The pleaſure was now gone, the remembrance of the wickedneſs alone was left. It ſhocked him to think he had given up his health, his fortune, his friends, his character—every thing in this world that was valuable, for what he now only remembered with horror.

But this was ſo far mere worldly compunction. It led however to more ſerious reflection.—As this world

world failed, the next drew nearer: and as he always had ſome conception of a future ſtate, tho he wiſhed not to ſuppoſe it a ſtate of retribution, his active mind could not help being anxious for better information. He knew he had never examined into theſe matters with any attention himſelf; and therefore could not but doubt his own crude reaſonings, which never could amount to more than mere conjecture. His friends therefore, particularly his mother, the Counteſs Dowager of Rocheſter, endeavoured to get ſerious people about him: hoping they might put thoughts into

into his mind, which his own active ſpirit would eaſily purſue.—Among theſe, the chief were Mr. Parſons, her chaplain—and Dr. Burnet, afterwards biſhop of Saliſbury. One or other of theſe was frequently with him, and by degrees he took pleaſure in their converſation. To Dr. Burnet he ſhewed a particular attachment; and deſired him on his death-bed, to give the world an account of the converſations that paſſed between them. "I have done much miſchief, ſaid he, in my life-time; I ſhould wiſh to make ſome amends for it at my death."

To

To theſe two gentlemen Lord Rochester laid open, without ſcruple, all the vile opinions he had held in the early part of his life. He never, he ſaid, was ſatisfied with them. He always felt ſtrong remorſe of conſcience; tho too often, he feared it was founded on his having ruined himſelf in this world. Yet ſometimes he believed the diſequietude of his mind had a better principle. "I remember once, "ſaid he, at the houſe of a perſon of "quality, where ſeveral of us pro-"phane young fellows had met toge-"ther, I undertook the cauſe of "atheiſm: and I was thought to have

"per-

" performed my part ſo well, that I
" was overwhelmed with applauſe.
" But as I left the company, I felt
" myſelf exceedingly ſhocked at what
" had paſſed; and could not help
" breaking out into ſome ſuch ſolilo-
" quy as this—Good Heavens! that
" a man, who walks upright—who
" ſees around him the wonderful
" works of God—and has the uſe of
" his ſenſes and reaſon—could ever
" abuſe them in ſo horridly prophane
" a manner!". Indeed, he would ſay, in the worſt part of his life, he never could, with all his reaſoning, perſuade himſelf into atheiſm. He was ſome-

thing

thing like the devils: he *believed and trembled.*

At other times he would confeſs, that notwithſtanding his own licentious actions, he always felt a ſecret value for an honeſt man; and always thought morality ſat well on others. But he owned he had never felt any reverence for the goſpel—nor had ever taken that pains in ſeeking into its evidence, which a matter of that *apparent* importance required.—The firſt thing, he told Dr. Burnet, which made him think ſeriouſly of chriſtianity, was a converſation he had with Mr. Parſons; who ſpeaking of

pro-

prophecy, pointed out to him the fifty-third chapter of Iſaiah; and ſhewed him how exactly the ſufferings of our Saviour deſcribed there, agreed with the account given of them by the evangeliſts; tho it is certain the book of Iſaiah was written many ages before our Saviour lived, and is eſteemed by the Jews at this day to be divinely inſpired. This compariſon ſo intirely ſatisfied his underſtanding, that the paſſion of our Saviour he ſaid, appeared as clear and plain to to him, as any object he ever ſaw repreſented in a glaſs. The original, and the image were exactly alike.—This

paſſage

paſſage from Iſaiah he got by heart, and frequently ſoothed himſelf by repeating it.

And here let us pauſe a moment. As God affords all ſinners *opportunities of reflection*, ſo does he likewiſe afford them various *means of converſion*, according to their various diſpoſitions, and different modes of thinking. One man is ſtruck with the wonderful works of God. The imagination of another faſtens on ſome beautiful analogy of nature. A third is awakened by ſome pious life he has read—or ſome ſermon he has heard

heard—or converſation that has ſtruck him. A fourth is affected by the ſimplicity, and purity of ſcriptural precepts, or examples. From one or other of theſe ſources, or ſomething elſe perhaps in the divine economy, which forcibly ſtrikes his mind, the ſinner will often through the grace of God aſſiſting his pious endeavours, take the beginning of a new life.—Lord Rocheſter we have ſeen, was firſt brought to a ſenſe of religion by the wonderful coincidence between the prophecies and the hiſtory of Chriſt.

Having thus gained as it were, a glimpſe of chriſtianity, his intuitive mind

mind eaſily proceeded. From ſimply contemplating the ſufferings of Chriſt, he began to inquire into the cauſe of thoſe ſufferings. He ſaw in a ſtrong light his own wicked life, and the heinouſneſs of ſin; and devoutly acknowledged the neceſſity of a Redeemer. "O bleſſed God! he "would cry, can ſuch a creature as "I have been, gain acceptance from "thee! Can there be any mercy for "me! Will God own ſuch a wretch! "—Never, never, he would add, but "through the infinite merits of a Re-"deemer—never, but by the pur-"chaſe of his blood."—Then again,

a ſenſe

a ſenſe of his own guilt flowing in ſtrongly upon him, he would cry out, (ſtriking his hands together) he had been the vileſt dog, the ſun ever ſhone upon: and thought the life of a ſtarving leper, crawling in a ditch, as he expreſſed himſelf, more enviable than a life like his.

In ſhort, his whole frame being thus intirely changed, he carried into religion all thoſe ſtrong feelings, and warm paſſions, which had led him ſo violently aſtray in the paths of vice.

In a calmer interval, he would ſpeak of the fooliſh, and abſurd philoſophy of the late Mr. Hobbes, and

others

others of that ſtamp. "Aye, he would cry, theſe were my ruin. Theſe philoſophers helped to undo me."

Then laying his hand on the bible, he would ſay, "*There* is true philoſophy.—This is the wiſdom that ſpeaks to the heart. A *bad life*, is the only grand objection to this book. And it is ſurely a bad way in examining the truth of it, to *begin with cavilling*. Let us examine firſt th *evidence* and *tendency* of it, and try whether that will not blunt the edge of many *objections*."

In ſhort, chriſtianity had taken ſuch full poſſeſſion of his mind, that

altho he had been at firſt awakened from his criminal life by dreadful apprehenſions, and horrors, his converſion was now founded on a firm belief of the goſpel; his mind became daily more calm; and he prayed to God with all earneſtneſs for his grace and holy ſpirit to aſſiſt him in keeping ſteady to the reſolutions he had formed.—In his devotions, he would ſometimes uſe his own prayers; which Mr. Parſons, who was often with him at prayer, uſed to ſay, were truly excellent.

As his heart ſeemed thus changed, the

the habits of his life were changed with it,

He was very ſolicitous to have all his debts paid; many of which he had contracted without any deſign of paying them at all.

Acts of reſtitution alſo he ordered, when reſtitution was in his power. When it was not, he prayed to God earneſtly to forgive him, and mercifully to accept a ſincere intention.

The thoughts of his corrupt writings gave him great diſtreſs. They could not be recalled: but he hoped, that whoever heard of them, would hear alſo of the diſtreſs they had given

him. Such of his writings however, as were unpublished—all his lascivious pictures—and every thing else that had a bad tendency, he strictly ordered his executors to burn.

Injuries which he had received himself, many of them great, and provoking, he declared in the presence of God, he forgave from his heart; and was ready to do any act of kindness in his power, to those who had offended him.

He had formerly indulged such a habit of swearing, that oaths made a part of his common conversation: and when he was heated, they were frightful.

frightful. But he had now ſo wholly maſtered this vile habit, that biſhop Burnet tells us, when fits of pain came upon him, which were frequent, and violent, he never heard any thing like an oath eſcape him. On one occaſion indeed, when he was ſuffering under an acute paroxyſm of his diſorder, and had ſent a ſervant for ſomething, which he thought he might have brought ſooner, he cried out, "That d——d fellow I ſuppoſe is loſt." When the biſhop remarked it, he ſaid, "Aye, you ſee how this lan-"guage of fiends ſtill hangs about me "—Who deſerves d——g ſo much as

"myſelf?—God forgive me!"—Except on this occaſion, the biſhop obſerves, he never heard even a haſty expreſſion come from him. To his ſervants indeed, during his whole illneſs, he was kind, conſiderate, and even affectionate; giving them as little trouble as he could help; and apologizing for every extraordinary trouble he was obliged to put upon them. ——His regard for them he ſtill ſhewed more effectually in his will.

Among his other faults, he had ſhewn much unkindneſs to his relations. He had paid little reſpect to his mother—he had neglected his Lady; and

and been inattentive to his children. His behaviour in all theſe inſtances, was now wholly changed. To his mother it was reſpectful in the greateſt degree—to his Lady, tender and affectionate. She was a very amiable woman; and having been recovered from the church of Rome, in which ſhe had been brought up, it gave him, he ſaid, unſpeakable ſatisfaction to receive the holy ſacrament with her, from the hands of a proteſtant clergyman.—Her gentle attention to him in his illneſs, which was unwearied, filled him with the tendereſt remorſe, and a thouſand nameleſs ſenſibilities.—For

his

his children's happineſs he ſeemed highly concerned. He had a ſon, and three daughters; and would often call them to him, and ſpeak to them in ſo affecting a manner, as no words but his own, could expreſs. Once as the biſhop was ſitting by him, when his children were with him, he cried out, "See how good, God has been to me in giving me ſo many bleſſings—What an ungracious dog have I been!"

On another occaſion, ſpeaking of the great concern he was under for their pious education, he earneſtly hoped his ſon would never be a wit—

that

that is, ſaid he, one of thoſe wretched beings, who pride themſelves in ſcoffing at God, and religion. An honeſt and religious man, he added, is a character, beyond any thing fortune, and honours have to give. He then bleſſed them, and prayed for them; and committed them to the protection of God.

It was a favourite topic with him, whenever he had opportunity, to ſet himſelf up as a melancholy example to deter others from a bad life.—A gentlemen of ſome quality called, one day to ſee him. "Aye, look at me, "ſaid Lord Rocheſter, and ſee what "a man

" a man is reduced to, who has " ſpent his life in ſcoffing at God, and " religion. You and I, my good " friend, have been old ſinners toge- " ther; and therefore I am the more " free with you. I hope you will ſee " your wickedneſs, as I have ſeen " mine. Depend upon it, my friend, " we have been miſtaken in our con- " ceits. Our opinions are ill-found- " ed. Therefore may God grant you " repentance!"

Biſhop Burnet alſo tells us, that Lord Rocheſter gave it to him in charge, a little before his death, to tell a certain perſon from him, for whoſe wel-

welfare he was much concerned; that altho there were nothing to come, after this life; yet all the pleaſures he had ever known in ſin, would have been ill bought with half the torture he had felt on the recollection of them.

Thus this noble Lord had done much in a little time. His ſins had been great: his repentance was ſevere: and, as his hours ſhortened, he became perfectly compoſed; and expreſſed a willingneſs, and even a wiſh to die. He hoped he ſhould never relapſe, if God ſhould grant him a longer life: but he thought he could never expect

to

to be in a better ſtate to die, than he was in at that time. " And indeed, " ſays biſhop Burnet, I had every " reaſon to believe him perfectly ſin- " cere. I remember, continues the " biſhop, after his having had many " ſleepleſs nights, a doſe of laudanum " was adminiſtered to him without " his knowledge. The effect of it " was a moſt refreſhing ſleep. In the " morning he found himſelf ſo per- " fectly well, that he thought his diſ- " order was now come to a criſis; and " that nothing ailed him, but weak- " neſs, which he ſuppoſed would in a " little time go off. As he was fully

poſſeſſed

" poſſeſſed with this idea, he enter-
" tained me with the ſcheme of his
" future life. He would retire from
" the world, he ſaid, and ſpend the
" remainder of his days, in ſtudy, in-
" nocence, and piety." And the biſhop had no doubt but he was ſincere; and that if he had lived, he would have put all this in execution. The joys of religion ſeemed to have taken ſo much hold of him, that it was not likely he would ever again have given them up for the pleaſures of ſin.

But this relaxation from pain was ſoon over. When the refreſhment of

the

the night went off, it left him in the ſame ſtate in which it found him. Two days longer he languiſhed.—But nature was now entirely exhauſted. The diſcharge from the ulcer was ſo great, that his whole body was in a manner, conſumed. He was frequently alſo in violent pain: and from lying ſo long in one poſture, the depreſſed parts began to mortify. Notwithſtanding however all this diſtreſs, his compoſure, and reſignation were wonderful. He ſpoke little—was heard to pray fervently; and on the 26th of July, 1680, in the thirty-third year of his age, he died at Woodſtock-park

in

in Oxfordſhire.—About a month before he died, he dictated the following paper, which he ſigned with his own hand; and had it regularly atteſted.

" *For the benefit of all thoſe, whom I may have drawn into ſin by my example, and encouragement, I leave to the world this my laſt declaration, which I deliver in the preſence of the great God, who knows the ſecrets of all hearts, and before whom I am now appearing to be judged——that from the bottom of my ſoul, I deteſt and abhor the whole courſe of my former wicked life; and that I think I can never ſufficiently*

*admire*

*admire the goodneſs of God, who has given me a true ſenſe of the pernicious opinions, and vile practices, in which I have hitherto lived without hope, and without God in the world—having been an open enemy to Jeſus Chriſt, and doing the utmoſt deſpight to the holy ſpirit of grace——and that the greateſt teſtimony of my charity to ſuch is, to warn them in the name of God, and as they regard the welfare of their immortal ſouls, no more to deny his being, or his providence, or deſpiſe his goodneſs—no more to make a mock of ſin, or contemn the pure and excellent religion of my ever bleſſed Redeemer,*

*through*

*through whoſe merits alone, I, one of the greateſt of ſinners, do yet hope for mercy and forgiveneſs. Amen.*

Rocheſter.

*Declared, and ſigned, June the* 19*th*, 1680, *in the preſence of*

Anne Rocheſter.
Robert Parſons.

Such was the life of this very extraordinary man. It reſolves itſelf into three diſtinct periods—each, in its way equally wonderful. In the firſt, he appeared in the polite world, as the moſt accompliſhed gentleman

of his time. In the ſecond, he became the moſt abandoned profligate: and in the laſt, the moſt ſincere penitent.

What a happy man might he have been, if he could have kept his deſires within the bounds of virtue, and have added religion to the bleſſings he enjoyed! He had every thing that the world could give: but graſping at pleaſure in exceſs, he found it miſery. A harraſſed mind, and a diſeaſed body were the fruits of his vicious pleaſures—the loſs of every worldly enjoyment—and at a period, when

when life is in its prime, the decrepitude of age.

He had the wiſdom however at laſt to turn his ſufferings to account; and ſee his errors, before it was too late. But what remorſe, horror, and anguiſh did it coſt him, before he arrived at that peaceful ſerenity, which he might with innocence have enjoyed to a late period of life.

Some are inclined, through zeal for the honour of God, to take from the force of theſe extraordinary converſions, by ſuppoſing, that God arbitrarily vouchſafes a peculiar influx of

his grace to one man, which he denies to another—that we have nothing therefore to do in the work of ſuch converſions ourſelves: they are the entire work of God; and the greater the ſinner the more abundant often is the grace.

No doubt, it is a doctrine of ſcripture, that all our goodneſs is derived from God: but it is the doctrine of ſcripture alſo that our own endeavours muſt co-operate with God's goodneſs, and make his grace effectual. When we are told that *God worketh in us both to will, and to do of his good pleaſure*; that is, through his good pleaſure that he worketh in

us

us at all; we are told alſo, that *we are to work out our own ſalvation with fear and trembling*. Every opinion therefore, however well-meant, which has a *tendency* to check our own pious endeavours; and to lay the *whole work*, if I may ſo ſpeak, on God, appears to be equally unſcriptural, and miſchievous.

St. Paul's caſe is mentioned, and that of the thief on the croſs, as inſtances of ſudden, and peculiar effuſions of grace. But neither of them ſeems to be a caſe in point. St. Paul was a man of great piety. His diſpoſition was always good; and his

practice agreeable to what he thought the will of God. He was only under a violent prejudice, which it pleased God to remove by an *open miracle.*

As to the thief on the cross, we may suppose he had then the first *religious opportunity* he had ever had—and that the sight of his suffering Saviour wrought in him at once a full conviction. The history does not give us the least ground for more, or to believe he received any *peculiar* interference of grace, which was denied to his companion.

In short, we are *not* told in what *manner* the grace of God co-operates with man. But we *are* told, that

God

God is *no reſpecter of perſons*: and every part of ſcripture injoins us the practice of a holy life founded on our faith in Chriſt.

Others again, who are leſs concerned about religion, would take from the force of ſuch converſions, as this of Lord Rocheſter, by attributing them to a melancholy oppreſſion of ſpirits; or by reſolving them into enthuſiaſm or ſuperſtition. But why ſhould any of theſe cauſes be aſſigned to Lord Rocheſter's converſion? Does it appear from the hiſtory of his life that he was under any oppreſſi-

on

on of ſpirits—that he was under any fear, but what was the effect of guilt —which is the very medium of every converſion; and which all wicked men muſt feel, before they can be brought to a ſenſe of their wickedneſs? —Does it appear, that there was any thing enthuſiaſtic, or ſuperſtitious in his ideas of chriſtianity? and particularly, in his declaration at his death? —or in ſhort, does it appear that he held any opinion, which all ſober chriſtians do not, at all times hold? If ſo; why ſhould we attribute to a bad cauſe, what has the faireſt pretenſions to the beſt?

Be-

Beſides, all who were about Lord Rocheſter at the time of his death, ſpeak of his faculties as perfectly lucid, and equal to what they had ever been. Biſhop Burnet perhaps takes more than ordinary pains to wipe off any ſuppoſition, that at the time of his death, he was under any particular weakneſs of imagination; and ſpeaks of the great vivacity of his diſcourſe, which was equal at that time, to what he had ever obſerved in the days of his moſt perfect health.

*THE END.*

# MEMOIRS

OF

# NAIMBANNA,

A

# Young African Prince.

WHEN the Sierra Leone company were firſt ſettled, they endeavoured to bring over to their friendſhip all the petty African princes in their neighbourhood. Among others, they applied to a chief, of the name of Naimbanna, who was remarkable for a good diſpoſition, and an acute underſtanding. He eaſily ſaw the intention of the company was friendly to Africa, and entered into amity with them.

They

They ſpoke to him about the ſlave-trade, and gave him reaſons for wiſhing to have it aboliſhed. He was convinced of its vileneſs; and declared, that not one of his ſubjects ſhould ever go into ſlavery again.

By degrees they began to talk to him about religion. But he was rather wary on that head. It ſeems he had received a prejudice againſt chriſtianity, from the following circumſtance.

The Portugueze had, at that time, ſeveral miſſionaries about the country, who under the pretence of preaching chriſtianity, ſold charms to the natives;

tives; and in exchange received ivory, gold duſt, and other commodities for the merchants, by whom they were employed. Among their converts, was one of Naimbanna's chief friends; who had afterwards many converſations with Naimbanna on the ſubject of religion; and endeavoured to make a convert of him alſo. He told Naimbanna, that the chriſtian religion was the beſt religion in the world; for a man could do nothing ſo bad, which the prieſts of that religion would not forgive for a mere trifle. Naimbanna with great acuteneſs of mind, told him, he

he thought a good religion would never ſuffer that; and refuſed to be a chriſtian. On talking therefore with the gentlemen of the factory, on this ſubject, and finding they profeſſed chriſtianity, as well as the Portugueze miſſionaries, he concluded their tenets were the ſame, and paid little attention to them.

By degrees however he found, that the factory contained a very good ſort of people—that they lived happily among themſelves, and did not ſell pardons for gold duſt as the Portugueze did. He began therefore to think more favourably both of them and their religion.

But

But tho it appears he had a much juſter opinion of chriſtianity, than he had received from the Portugueze miſſionaries; yet he was ſtill backward either in receiving it himſelf, or in making it the religion of his country. He was well convinced of the barbarous ſtate of his own people, on a compariſon with Europeans, and wiſhed for nothing more than a reformation among them—eſpecially in religion. But as he found there were ſeveral kinds of religion in the world, he wiſhed to know which was the beſt, before he introduced any.

To aſcertain this point as well as he could, he took the following method. He ſent one of his ſons into Turkey, among the Mahometans—a ſecond into Portugal, among the papiſts; ſuppoſing probably that the miſſionaries did not teach their religion properly—and a third he recommended to the Sierra Leone company, deſiring they would ſend him into England, to be there inſtructed in the religion of the country. By the report of his ſons, it appears, he meant to be directed in the choice of a national religion.

Of the two former of theſe young men we have no particulars; only that

that one of them became very vicious. It is the laſt mentioned, tho, I believe, the eldeſt, who bore his father's name, Naimbanna, to whom this account belongs. The Sierra Leone company received the charge of him with great pleaſure, believing that nothing could have a better effect in promoting their benevolent ſchemes, than making him a good chriſtian.

Young Naimbanna was a perfect African in his form. He was black, had woolly hair, thick lips, and that blunt ſingularity of feature, with which the African face is commonly marked. While he was with the

company, he ſeemed a well-diſpoſed, tractable youth; but when oppoſed, impatient, fierce, and ſubject to violent paſſions.

In the firſt ſhip that ſailed, he was ſent to England, where he arrived in the year 1791. We may imagine with what aſtoniſhment he ſurveyed every object that came before him: but his curioſity in prudent hands became from the firſt, the medium of uſeful inſtruction.

During his voyage he had picked up a little of the Engliſh language; to which he was not a perfect ſtranger when he embarked. He had gotten

hold

hold of ſeveral words and phraſes; and tho he could not ſpeak it with any degree of fluency, he could underſtand much of what he heard ſpoken; which greatly facilitated his learning it, when he came to it in a more regular way.

The difficulty of learning to ſpeak, and read, being in a great degree ſubdued, he was put upon the grand point, for which he was ſent into England—— that of being inſtructed in the chriſtian religion. The gentlemen to whoſe care he had been recommended, alternately took him under their protection; and each gave up

his whole time to him, faithfully discharging the truſt he had voluntarily, and without any emolument undertaken.

Naimbanna was firſt convinced that the bible was the word of God; the moſt material parts of which—of the old teſtament, as well as of the new—were explained to him. The great neceſſity of a Saviour from the ſinfulneſs of man was pointed out—the end and deſign of chriſtianity—its doctrines—its precepts, and its ſanctions, were all made intelligible to him. With a clearneſs of underſtanding, which aſtoniſhed thoſe who took the

care of inſtructing him, he made theſe divine truths familiar to him: and having no prejudices to oppoſe, but the abſurdities of his own country, which were eaſily ſubdued, he received the goſpel with joy; and carried it home to his heart as the means of happineſs both in this world and the next.

His love for reading the ſcriptures, and hearing them read, was ſuch, that he was never tired of the exerciſe.*

* Mrs. H. More, who knew him well, informed the author, that altho ſhe never ſaw Naimbanna fatigued with this exerciſe, he had often fatigued her with reading the ſcripture at his deſire inceſſantly to him.

Every

Every other part of learning that he was put upon, as arithmetic for inſtance, was heavy work with him; and he ſoon began to complain of fatigue: but even when he was moſt fatigued, if he was aſked to read in the bible, he was always ready; and generally expreſſed his readineſs by ſome emotions of joy. In ſhort, he conſidered the bible as the rule which was to direct his life; and he made a real uſe of every piece of inſtruction he obtained from it. This was evident in all his actions. If his behaviour was at any time wrong, and a paſſage of ſcripture was ſhewn to him, which for-

forbad the impropriety or wrong behaviour, whatever it was, he inſtantly complied with the rule he received. Of this there were many inſtances.

One related to dreſs. He had a little touch of vanity about him—was fond of finery—admired it in other people, and was always ready to adorn himſelf. His kind inſtructors told him theſe were childiſh inclinations—that decency, and propriety of dreſs were pleaſing: but that foppery was diſguſting. Above all, they told him the ſcripture idea was very different. The chriſtian was ordered to be *cloathed with humility*; and to put on the orna-

ornament of a *meek and quiet ſpirit.* Such paſſages, whenever they were ſuggeſted to him, checked all the little vanities of his heart; and made him aſhamed of what he had juſt before ſo eagerly deſired.

The irritable paſſions, where lay his weakeſt ſide, were conquered in the ſame way. His friends once carried him to the houſe of commons to hear a debate on the ſlave trade; which colonel Tarlton defended with ſome warmth. When Naimbanna came out of the houſe, he exclaimed with great vehemence and indignation, that he would kill that man wherever

ever he met him; for he told ſtories of his country. He told people that his countrymen would not work; and that was a great ſtory. His countrymen would work; but Engliſhmen would not buy work; they would buy only men.—His friends told him, he ſhould not be ſo angry with colonel Tarlton; for perhaps he had been miſinformed, and knew no better. Beſides they told him, that at any rate, he had no right to kill him; for God ſays, *Vengeance is mine, I will repay, ſaith the Lord.* This calmed him in a moment: and he never afterwards expreſſed the leaſt indignation

at

at colonel Tarlton; but would have been ready to have ſhewn him any friendly office, if it had fallen in his way.

At another time, when he ſaw a drayman uſing his horſe ill; he fired at it exceedingly; and declared in a violent paſſion, he would get a gun, and ſhoot that fellow directly. He would always, he ſaid, carry a gun about him to kill ſuch ſort of people, for they deſerved to be killed. But his anger was preſently aſſwaged, by ſome ſuch paſſage from ſcripture, as, *Be ye angry and ſin not: let not the ſun go down upon your wrath.*

Among

Among the difficulties, in which his new religion involved him, one reſpected his wives. He had married three; but he clearly ſaw the new teſtament allowed only one. What ſhould he do with the other two? Then again, if he ſhould repudiate two of them, which ſhould he retain? In juſtice he thought he ſhould keep her, whom he had married firſt. But ſhe was not the wife of his affections. He loved the ſecond beſt. In ſhort, he ſhewed ſo much tenderneſs of conſcience on this, and every other point, that he ſeemed anxious about nothing, but *to know what his religion required*

*him*

*him to do.* When he could determine the *rectitude* of an action, he ſet an example to chriſtians, by ſhewing he thought there was no difficulty in the *performance.* Whether he met with any caſuiſt, to ſet him right in the matter of his wives, I never heard. It is certain however, that while he continued in England, he ſhewed no ſign, in any inſtance, of infidelity to his African engagements.

With regard to liquor, which is a great temptation to an African, he was, from the firſt, perfectly ſober. He ſaid, his father had ordered him never to drink more at a time than a

ſingle

ſingle glaſs of wine, when he came into England; and he conſidered his father's injunction as ſacred. It was probably founded on the knowledge of his ſon's warmth of temper, which he feared wine might inflame. On this head therefore all the inſtruction he wanted, was to turn his temperance into a chriſtian virtue, by practiſing it with a ſincere deſire to pleaſe God.

Among the gay ſcenes, which Naimbanna could not but often ſee, he never mixed. His friends were very ſolicitous to keep him from all pleaſurable diſſipation, which might poſſibly have corrupted that beautiful ſimpli-

city

city of mind, which was ſo characteriſtic in him: tho indeed he never ſhewed a deſire to join in any diverſion, which they did not intirely approve. Dancing aſſemblies were the only meetings of amuſement, for which he ſhewed the leaſt inclination. But tho his friends were unwilling to truſt him in any gay, promiſcuous meetings of that kind, they were very ready to indulge him in a dance at home; and he enjoyed the exerciſe with great alacrity, jumping and capering, after the manner of his country, with an agility, which was too violent for any body but himſelf.—

He

He was fond alſo of riding on horſe-back; but when he got upon a horſe, there was no governing his deſire of rapid motion.

He had now been a year and a half in England, and had been well inſtructed in the chriſtian religion, which he perfectly underſtood. He was baptized therefore; and now only waited for the firſt opportunity of going home, which did not happen till about five or ſix months afterwards.

In the mean time two great points were the burthen of his thoughts, and

gave him much diſtreſs. The firſt related to his father, whoſe death, he had heard, had happened about a year after he left the country. The great cauſe of his ſolicitude was his uncertainty, whether his father had died a chriſtian. He knew he had been well-diſpoſed to chriſtianity: but he had never heard, whether he had fully embraced it.

His other difficulty regarded himſelf. He had now attained the end he aimed at. He had been inſtructed in a religion, which, he was convinced, would promote the happineſs of his people, if it could be eſtabliſhed among

among them. But how was that to be done? With regard to himſelf, he had had wife, and learned men to inſtruct him. But what could his abilities do in ſuch a work?—eſpecially conſidering the wild, and ſavage manners of his countrymen. In every light, the greatneſs of the attempt perplexed him.

With a mind diſtreſſed by theſe difficulties, he took an affectionate leave of his kind friends in England, and embarked for Africa in one of the company's ſhips, which was named after him, the Naimbanna.

On the departure of this amiable youth, we cannot help ſympathizing with his generous feelings on the ſtate of his country, which all humane people muſt unite in deploring. Much do we admire the Sierra Leone company for their beneficent endeavours to reſcue it from that miſerable ſtate of darkneſs, in which it is involved. But nothing perhaps places its wretched bondage in a more ſtriking light, than ſuch a character as we have juſt been exhibiting. When we were taught to believe the African had ſcarce a rank among human beings, it injured our feelings leſs to think of

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the baſe condition to which he was reduced. But when we ſee in him ſuch inſtances of fine affections—ſuch generous ſentiments—ſuch aptitude to receive religious truth—and have every reaſon to believe, that inſtances of this kind are to be found, more or leſs, in all parts of this unhappy country; * what a ſhocking idea does

* That a real, and general converſion of the negroes is no romantic project, but a thing perfectly practicable; and that it would be highly beneficial both to the ſlaves, and their proprietors, is evident from the progreſs already made in this work by the Moravian miſſionaries. In the Daniſh iſlands of St. Thomas, St. Croix, and St. John,

does it preſent to ſee all theſe fine feelings damped; and thouſands of theſe wretched ſufferers, with all their generous propenſities about them, loſt to themſelves—and to ſociety—and dragged away into all the miſery, and abject neceſſities, which follow ſlavery..

We

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John, they have proſelyted near 6,000 negroes. They have alſo a congregation of ſeveral thouſands in the iſland of Antigua; and I have been aſſured by a gentlemen of credit, who ſaw them at public worſhip, that their deportment was remarkably ſerious, devout, amd edifying. And they ſo greatly ſurpaſs all the other ſlaves in ſobriety, diligence, quietneſs, fidelity, and obedience, that the planters are anxious to have their negroes put under.

We left Naimbanna embarking for Africa, in a ſtate of mind rather tending to deſpondency. He had too much ſenſibility about him to enjoy any ſettled repoſe. Tho he had always ſhewn great affection for his own country, and relations, yet the kindneſſes he had received from his friends in England had impreſſed him

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der the direction of the miſſionaries———See a note in the XVII. Sermon, Vol. I. of Biſhop Porteus's Sermons,

We may ſuppoſe that the Africans are juſt as ſuſceptible of theſe divine truths in a ſtate of liberty, as in a ſtate of ſlavery—and that the Moravian miſſionaries would be as well inclined to attend them in Africa, as in the Weſt Indies.

ſtrongly ;

ſtrongly; and it was not without a great ſtruggle with himſelf that he broke away from them at laſt.

The diſtreſs he felt was the greater, as the ſociety he now mixed in at ſea was very different from that he had left behind. The profligate manners, and licentious language of the ſhip's company, ſhocked him exceedingly. The purity of his mind could not bear it. He hoped in a chriſtian country, he ſhould always have found himſelf among chriſtians. But he was greatly diſappointed. The company he was in, appeared to him as ignorant, and uninformed as his

his own ſavage countrymen; and much leſs innocent in their manners. At length, the oaths, and abominable converſation he continually heard, diſguſted him ſo much, that he complained to the captain of the ſhip, and deſired him to put a ſtop to ſuch indecent language. The captain endeavoured to check it; but with little effect; which gave Naimbanna new diſtreſs.

But what ſtill more than all was the great burden of his mind, was the difficulty he foreſaw in his attempt to introduce chriſtianity among his countrymen. Many were the ſchemes he

he thought of. But inſuperable obſtacles ſeemed to ariſe on every ſide.

All this perplexity, which his active, and generous mind underwent, recoiled upon himſelf. His thoughts were continually on the ſtretch; and, as it was thought, at length occaſioned a fever, which ſeized him, as his voyage was nearly at an end. His malady increaſing, was attended with a delirium, which left him only few lucid intervals. In theſe his mind always ſhone out full of religious hope, and patient reſignation to the will of God.

During

During one of theſe intervals he told Mr. Graham, (a fellow-paſſenger, with whom he was moſt intimate) that he began to think he ſhould be called away, before he had an opportunity to tell his mother of the mercies of God towards him, and of his obligations to the Sierra Leone company. He then deſired him to take pen and ink, and write his will. The will, as follows was written in the preſence of captain Wooles, and of James Cato, a black ſervant, who attended Naimbanna. It was afterwards regretted, that Mr. Graham had not written the will exactly in the language, which

Naim-

Naimbanna dictated, inſtead of giving it a legal caſt.

*On board the Naimbanna,*
*July* 14, 1793.

*I, Henry Granville Naimbanna, having been, for ſome days, very unwell, and being apprehenſive, that I may not reach my friends, have communicated the underwritten, in the preſence of the ſubſcribers.—It is my will, and deſire, that my brother Bartholomew do pay to the Sierra Leone company thirteen tons of rice, or the value thereof, being in conſideration of the ſums expended by the ſaid company on*

*my*

*my account.—And likewiſe, that my ſaid brother ſhall pay the ſum of fifty pounds ſterling to Henry Thornton, Eſq. for money advanced by him on my account.—It is my will alſo, that my brother Bartholomew ſhall poſſeſs all my eſtates, real, and perſonal, till my ſon Lewis ſhall be of age; and that he ſhall deliver unto my ſaid ſon, all that he receives from me for him; and that he will always endeavour to be on a good underſtanding with the Sierra Leone company. I particularly requeſt him, as far as he can, to oppoſe the ſlave trade; and that nothing injurious may be imputed to the Sierra Leone company*

*by*

*by any evil-minded men, whoſe intereſt may be to oppoſe that worthy company. —I here declare in the preſence of that God, in whom I place my truſt, that during my ſtay in England, I always enjoyed very good health; and received the greateſt kindneſs from all thoſe, whoſe care I was under; and that, at my leaving England, I was in perfect health.—It is likewiſe my requeſt, that my brother ſhall ſend to the Suzee country for the cows, that belonged to my father; and that he will preſent three of them to the governor and council of the Sierra Leone company. And if he does not find that number of cows, that he*

*will*

*will purchaſe three others, and give them in my name.—I farther deſire, that my brother will pay James Dean Cato, who attended me as my ſervant, the ſum of five bars.——*

When Mr. Graham had written thus far, Naimbanna complained of fatigue; and ſaid, he would finiſh his will after he had taken a little reſt. But ſoon after, his fever came on with increaſed violence, and his delirium ſcarce ever left him afterwards.

In this will, we ſee the workings of his generous mind, which ſeems chiefly to have been intent on two things—

things—the remuneration of his friends (tho they would not accept his kind legacies) and the prevention of any miſchief befalling the company from his dying in their hands. It is probable, if he had finiſhed his will, he would have added other legacies; for ſeveral Engliſh gentlemen were kind to him, as well as Mr. Thornton.

The night after Naimbanna had made his will, the veſſel, tho cloſe on the African coaſt, durſt not attempt to land, as the wind was contrary, and there was danger of running on the Scarries bank. The next morning how-

however, tho the wind was ſtill contrary, Mr. Graham went off to the ſettlement in an open boat, to procure medical aid. But when the phyſician came on board, the poor youth was only juſt alive: and in that ſtate he was carried to the ſettlement the next morning, July the 17th, when the ſhip came to an anchor.

On the firſt account of Naimbanna's illneſs, an expreſs had been ſent to inform his friends at Robanna: and ſoon after he landed, his mother, brothers, ſiſter, and other relations came to the ſettlement. His wives it is

probable, lived in ſome diſtant part, as they are not mentioned. The diſtracted looks of his mother, and the wildneſs of his ſiſter's grief affected every one. His couſin Henry, an ingenuous youth, who ſtood among them, attracted the attention of all by the ſolemn ſorrow of his countenance, which ſeemed to diſcover a heart full of tenderneſs and woe. His brother Bartholomew was the only one, who appeared little concerned, and gave much offence to the gentlemen of the factory, by the indifference of his behaviour.

In the mean time, the dying youth appeared every moment drawing nearer the close of life. His voice failing more and more, the little he said, was with difficulty understood. Once, or twice, those around him caught hold of something like our Saviour's words, *Many are called, but few are chosen.*

About an hour before he died, his voice wholly failed. He was awhile restless and uneasy; till turning his head on his pillow, he found an easier posture, and lay perfectly quiet. About seven o'clock in the evening of the same day, on which he was

brought on ſhore, he expired without a groan.

When his mother and other relations found his breath was gone, their ſhrieks, and agonizing cries were diſtreſſing beyond meaſure. Inſtantly, in a kind of frantic madneſs, they ſnatched up his body, hurried it into a canoe, and went off with it to Robanna.

Some of the gentlemen of the factory immediately followed in boats with a coffin. When the corpſe was laid decently into it, Mr. Horne, the clergyman, read the funeral ſervice over it, amidſt a number of people; and

and finiſhed with an extempore prayer. The ceremony was conducted with ſo much ſolemnity, and performed in ſo affecting a manner, that the impreſſion was communicated through the whole ignorant croud. They drew cloſer and cloſer, as Mr. Horne continued to ſpeak; and tho they underſtood not a ſyllable of what he ſaid, they liſtened to him with great attention; and bore witneſs, with every mark of ſorrow, to the powers of ſympathy.—After the ceremony was over, the gentlemen of the factory retired to their boats, leaving the corpſe, as his friends deſired, to

be buried after the manner of the country.—We mix our grief with theirs; and ſhut up in the inſcrutable counſels of God, all inquiries into the reaſons why ſo invaluable life was permitted to be cut off, juſt at the time of its greateſt probable utility.

In his pocket-book were found after his death, two litle notes, which ſhew the wonderful ſenſibility of his mind in religious matters. They relate to a cirumſtance already taken notice of—the diſguſt he took at the behaviour of the ſhip's company.

The

The firſt ſeems to have been written ſoon after he embarked.

*I ſhall take care of this company which I now fallen into, for they ſwears good deal, and talks all manner of wickedneſs, and filthy. All theſe things can I be able to reſiſt this temptation? No, I cannot, but the Lord will deliver me.*

The other memorandum was probably written after he had complained to the captain.

*June* 28, 1793.—*I have this day declared, that if Sierra Leone's veſſels ſhould be like to Naimbanna, or have a company like her, I will never think of coming*

*coming to England again, tho I have friends there as dear to me as the laſt words my father ſpoke, when he gave up the ghoſt.*

It was not however without reaſon, that Naimbanna, who knew his countrymen, had been ſo ſolicitous in his will, to ſettle the ſtate of his health, when he left England. Tho the people appeared pleaſed at firſt with the attention, which the company had ſhewn to their young prince; yet a rumour ſoon began to ſpread, and gain credit among them, that he had been poiſoned by the captain of the ſhip;

ſhip; and a ſpirit was riſing in the country, in ſome degree fomented, it was ſuppoſed, by Naimbanna's brother Bartholomew, which ſeemed to forebode diſagreeable conſequences. The company had occaſion for all their addreſs to ſatisfy the people, and bring them to a right underſtanding of the caſe; which however they at length with great prudence effected.

*THE END.*

THE

# THE CONCLUSION.

## FROM THE WHOLE.

THE obſervations which ſeem naturally to ariſe from theſe ſeveral little hiſtories, are theſe.

The two firſt exemplify—that if a man of fortune would live moſt at his eaſe, he muſt live *within* his income—that a moderate and temperate uſe of the bleſſings, which God hath intruſted to him, affords as much happineſs,

as

as thoſe bleſſings can produce—much more than a licentious abuſe of them ——that his enjoyments are in fact multiplied by diſtributing from his overplus to thoſe in need—that this can only be done by economy, and the abridgment of many of his own deſires—that a religious life is the only means of procuring him *real happineſs in this world*—that fortune alone can never be a ſource of happineſs—that no fortune can ſecure a man againſt the miſery, and diſtreſs, which folly and extravagance occaſion —that when vice is added to folly, and extravagance, they never fail to

pro-

produce in conjunction, a very complicated ſcene of miſery—that a profligate man of fortune is a curſe to his neighbourhood: in return for the bleſſings which God hath given him, he firſt corrupts his own family; and then by his licentious manners ſpreads vice, and diſſipation through the country—and laſtly, that altho few men attain ſo *perfect a character*; or can be ſo *baſely depraved*, as the two perſons here repreſented—yet in the ſame proportion, in which they approach the one character, or the other, they will feel the happineſs, or miſery,

miſery, which naturally belongs to each.

In the next memoir, the effects of religion on our *future intereſts* are chiefly conſidered. It would be an unfaithful picture, unleſs it pointed out the temporal calamities alſo conſequent on vice; but its primary intention is to illuſtrate *the triumph of religion over wickedneſs.*

The moſt *accompliſhed libertine* cannot pretend to more ſhining qualities, or greater powers of mind, than Lord Rocheſter poſſeſſed. If a man of his parts and knowledge therefore could

could not ſatisfy himſelf with his deiſtical arguments, it is hardly to be ſuppoſed, that other infidels of inferior parts can hit upon arguments that are more ſatisfactory. They ſhould learn therefore to be a little more modeſt; and to doubt, whether their own concluſions are quite ſo ſafe, as they are willing to believe them.

Again, the moſt *abandoned libertine* cannot enjoy more of the guilty pleaſures of life than Lord Rocheſter did. If then theſe guilty pleaſures, when enjoyed in the higheſt degree, ended in the keeneſt diſtreſs—if nothing could remove this diſtreſs, but a ſincere repentance

pentance, and the hopes of forgiveneſs through the atonement of Chriſt—if religion thus gave peace and happineſs to one of the greateſt ſinners that ever lived—if it, and it alone could quiet his dying moments, and make him happier in the thoughts of leaving the world, than he had ever been in poſſeſſing it—it follows, that the pleaſures of ſin are merely the baits of wickedneſs—that religion alone affords ſolid comfort; and is indeed that alone, on which we can depend for happineſs in every circumſtance, and in every period of our lives.

The

The laſt of theſe memoirs ſhews religion in that *genuine purity*, in which we ſeldom ſee it. Amidſt the refinements of learning, and philoſophy—the courteſies of the world—the maxims of trade—and corrupting amuſements of life—we ſee chriſtianity tricked out in a variety of dreſſes, in which it is always diſguiſed, and often deformed. Were we with honeſt and open hearts, to ſee religion ſtripped of all theſe falſe colours, it would ſtrike *us*, as it did the *early ages*, to whom it was firſt preached, with its powerful influence *in improving the nature of man.*

To

To illuſtrate this truth is the buſineſs of the little narrative before us. A rude African comes amongſt us, totally void of all ideas of religion. He is kept aloof from the pleaſureable, and corrupting ſcenes of life. Chriſtianity in its genuine form is placed before him. From his own wants, and imperfections he infers its neceſſity. From its holineſs he infers its truth. He imbibes its genius. He changes his ſavage manners. He becomes a new man. He is ſhocked at vice in the profeſſors of chriſtianity; and ſees no difference himſelf

between *knowing* his duty, and *practiſing* it.

In ſhort, the ſtory of Naimbanna, is a beautiful illuſtration of our bleſſed Saviour's injunction to *receive the goſpel as little children:* and it ſhould convince us, that if *we* are deſirous to receive it in this manner, we ſhould endeavour carefully to ſeparate it from the cuſtoms and practices of the world; which is one of the moſt neceſſary, and at the ſame time one of the ſevereſt duties of a ſtate of trial.

FINIS.

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